



Slingshot

IN THE WILD

we are free from abuse

By Rachel Lee

The winter of 2011 found me moderately depressed, barely leaving the house, a recent college graduate with no clue why my life felt so empty. Growing up Black and middle class, it was pounded into my psyche that that piece of paper was my meal-ticket to happiness, prosperity, and social acceptance. As a radical feminist, delving into the world of

activism, I was left feeling less than satisfied, to say the least. So I embarked on a journey of self-discovery. I left Ohio, looking for something more, some deeper answer to the lacking I felt. I traveled to New Mexico, land of enchantment, home to where I understood for the first time that the soil contained a spirit unto itself, that this Earth was a living, breathing being. I worked on a biodynamic

particularly regarding anti-oppression. As a person of color, my experience at my first EF!

Rendezvous — EF!'s annual outdoor national gathering called a Rondo — wasn't too unlike most of my experiences growing up in a predominantly white community. Folks were fond of politely dancing around political correctness, pretending the reality of the situation was not, something is making

my heart and mind. For so long, oppression felt like an insurmountable monster that I had no hope of conquering. It is one thing to find words to voice the oppression one feels, to process the hurt, to rage over the injustice. It is another thing entirely to use your hands,

your tiring muscles, your strength of will to fight those injustices. It forces the leviathan into reality, the physical plane, where it can be challenged in a tangible way. Now, here I stood among forest-defending warriors and whether or not the revolution was in sight or not, the dramatic sense of power I felt in myself was undeniable. I was hooked. That summer I traveled all over the Northwest, attending various gatherings and action camps. I learned to climb trees, came to love sleeping outside, met plants who soulfully offered healing guidance that I had only digested in written form. I felt more in myself than I had my entire life.

At that time, I didn't have the words to voice my experience, my awakening, my coming home. In her essay, "Touching the Earth" from the book *Sisters of the Yam: Black Women and Self-Recovery*, cultural theorist bell hooks explores this concept. She states

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farm and was introduced to concepts like deep ecology and biocentrism. It was the first time I had lived off the land, being fed, comforted, soulfully nourished by beings that I had overlooked as a suburban kid raised on television screens and shopping malls. And then I met Earth First!

I traveled to Missoula to meet up with some friends. I had never read the EF! Journal and was unfamiliar with the organization, let alone the unspoken tensions between differing ideological stances within the movement,

marginalized folks feel unwelcome. There were some interactions that left a bad taste in my mouth, the most frustrating being repeatedly mistaken for the only other Black female perceived person, amongst a sea of white faces. I called it out, apologies were expressed, I moved on.

I chose instead to focus on the seed planted that would grow into the tools I needed to strike at the very root of the problem. I became alive with the knowledge that I could take into my hands the struggle that I felt so strongly in

CODEPENDENCY &
(ANTI-)CAPITALISM

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By Stephski

Throughout my collective organizing experience, most of my closest friends and I have struggled to avoid martyrdom, resentment, and burnout. I have seen many students join my old food co-op with excitement and motivation only to withdraw several months later after working more shifts and washing more dishes than they had actually wanted to. In examining these tendencies towards self-sacrifice, I began to see them as facets of a larger system of codependent beliefs and behaviors that often manifests in radical communities. Moreover, I noticed that these codependent qualities are mutually constitutive with the dynamics of our Western capitalist society. This society is defined by a power structure that alienates children from their needs and feelings, depicts self-sacrifice as loyalty, shapes us into victims, perpetrators, and rescuers, and benefits from

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STOP THAT TRAIN

By Compost

Coal. The sleek seductress and poison pill. Will humans leave her sleeping or destroy our life support system to fill our addiction?

The struggle to halt coal exploitation is happening on many fronts, and one important nexus is the battle in the Pacific Northwest to stop "The Coal Trains" — a variety of proposals to move unfathomable amounts of coal by train from Montana's Powder River Basin to Pacific ports so it can be shipped to China. Every leg of this proposal is an unacceptable wound to Mother Earth: from the despicable strip mining in Montana to the 18

terminals. The "developers" include the perennially evil Peabody Coal (that hauled away John Prine's "Paradise"), SSA Marine (who called in the police that shot at Oakland port protesters) and Goldman Sachs. They want to capitalize on China's interest in cheap coal and the desire of the coal industry to open new markets as natural gas fracking floods the US energy market with artificially cheap gas which is cutting domestic coal consumption. So much for "national energy self sufficiency" arguments.

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What is Codependency?

Mental health professionals originally created the term "codependency" to describe common tendencies among partners of alcoholics, but the term was later expanded to include a much broader range of individuals who exhibited similar qualities. Codependent kids often grow up in families where issues such as addictions, illnesses, or abuse are not addressed. These kids learn early to repress their emotions and disregard their needs in order to accommodate the family's unspoken dysfunction at the cost of their own wellbeing. Much of their self-worth revolves around pleasing others and being needed as a way to derive a sense of control over their surroundings. For many, a negation of their needs and feelings creates a sense of shame

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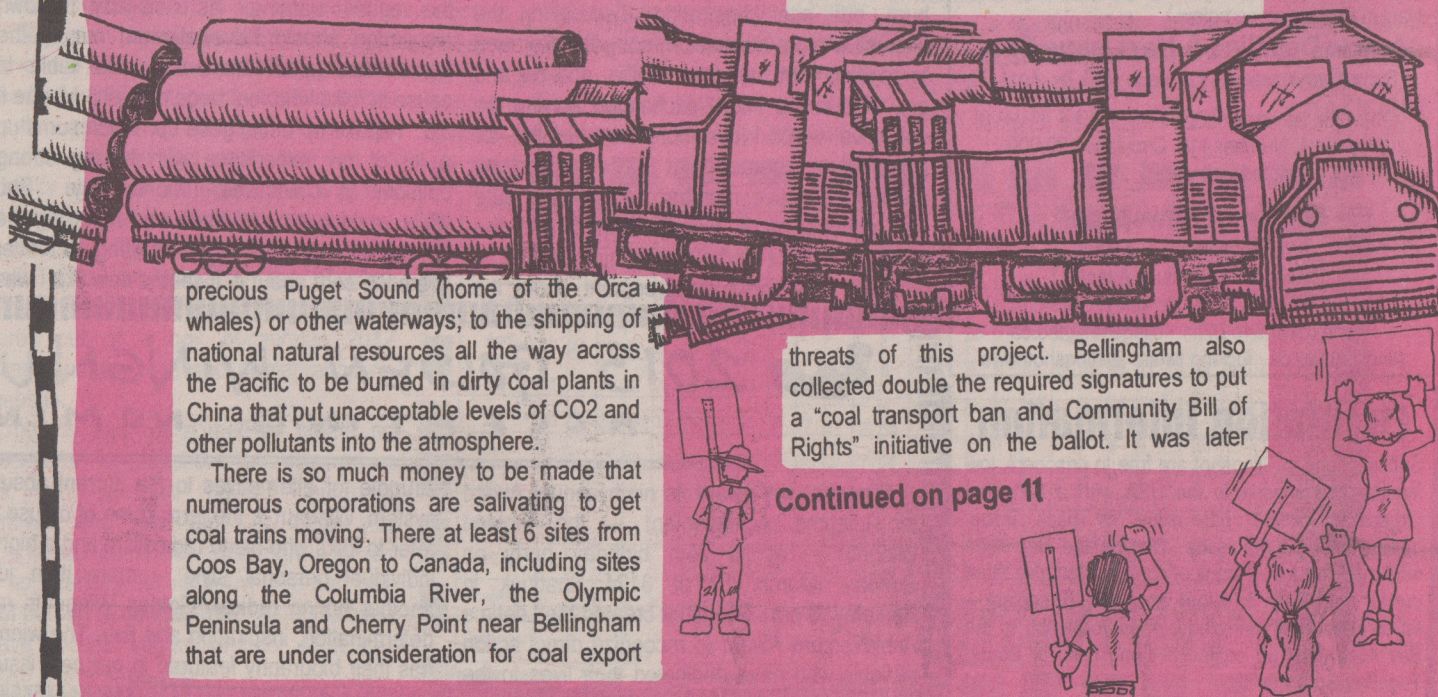
It's up to regular people in target communities to oppose these devastating energy projects. Fortunately Bellingham, the site of the largest proposed port, is not an easy push over. The public hearings about the Environmental Impact Statements have been packed with articulate citizens pointing out the numerous health, environmental and economic

precious Puget Sound (home of the Orca whales) or other waterways; to the shipping of national natural resources all the way across the Pacific to be burned in dirty coal plants in China that put unacceptable levels of CO2 and other pollutants into the atmosphere.

There is so much money to be made that numerous corporations are salivating to get coal trains moving. There are at least 6 sites from Coos Bay, Oregon to Canada, including sites along the Columbia River, the Olympic Peninsula and Cherry Point near Bellingham that are under consideration for coal export

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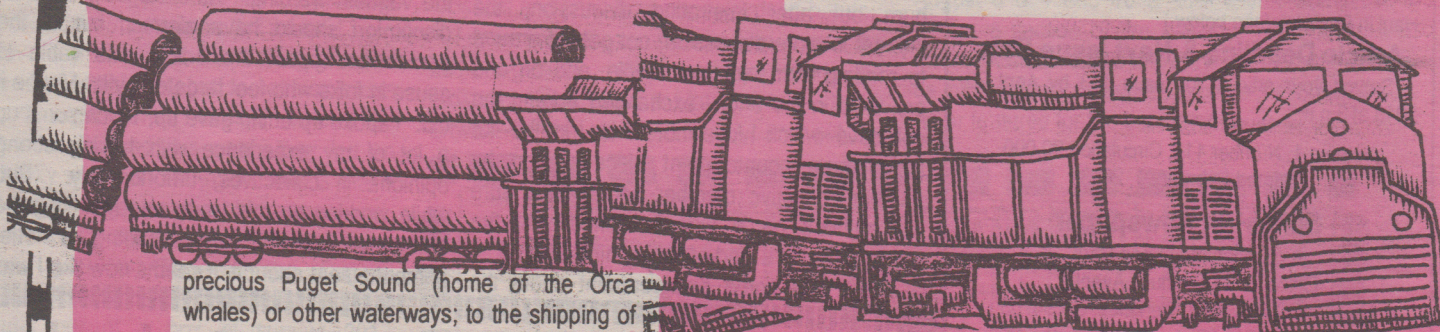
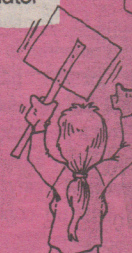
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SLINGSHOT

Slingshot is an independent radical newspaper published in Berkeley since 1988.

Speaking your truth can be a risk. Sometimes people get pissed at you, or you realize later that what you said wasn't actually true, or maybe it became untrue with time. How do we build a movement when communication is laden with so much risk? In this issue of Slingshot we printed hella articles about communication. Communication with others, with ourselves, with our environment. Open and honest communication is the only way we can learn and grow. With growth comes pain, but if we never push past our familiar routines, what are we but ghosts of our former selves? Neurologists have recently pointed out what radicals knew all along: the brain starts dying when you don't take risks.

Recently, some members of the collective have noticed that the world outside the Berkeley vortex seems to be undergoing a cultural shift. Towns that had no counter-culture five years ago are now buzzing with travelers, squatters, info shops, coops, and all sorts of great radical stuff. And there's been this incredible self-determined Indigenous movement, called "Idle No More," sprouting up in Canada and around the globe, with native people demanding autonomy over their environment and communities. As we hot-waxed their article to the page, the author of "Keeping Carbon in the Ground" (on pages 10-11) called us from a march in Toronto as helicopters were circling overhead. Folks are up to something! Smashing the state with one hand and creating sustainable communities with the other.

According to the biological definition, a "radical" is the part of a plant's root structure that is new. A radical is fresh and green, shooting off into new spaces. A radical also must be more aware and sensitive than any other part of the plant's root structure, so it can make careful decisions based on the availability of nutrients and water. As human radicals, we embody a beautiful, reckless growth. We push towards something new and better. We walk to the very edge of the paths blazed by those who came before and we continue to push forward in the dark, warm soil as the permaculture sprouts

Audrey Goodfriend 1920 2013



Audrey Goodfriend was an anarchist her entire life. Born to anarchist immigrants in New York, Audrey grew up speaking Yiddish at home and lived in the Sholem Aleichem House, a radical cooperative housing project in the Bronx. She was a girl when Sacco and Vanzetti were executed in Boston in 1927 and their letters were instrumental in shaping her anarchism, continuing to move her throughout her life.

As an adolescent and young adult, Audrey sent care packages to anarchist comrades fighting in Spain, read *Living My Life* against the express wishes of her parents who felt it was too sexually explicit, and traveled to Toronto with a friend to have tea with Emma Goldman. During World War II, she was part of the *Why?* Group, a publishing collective that printed an anti-war anarchist periodical at a time when many radicals were choosing to support the state in what they saw as a just war against fascism. Anti-zionist since before there ever was a state of Israel, Audrey and her comrades believed strongly that no state violence was ever justified.

In 1946, after the war, she went on a speaking tour with her partner David Koven and some friends from their circle to raise money for the anti-draft movement. They ended up in San Francisco and decided to stay. They knew Paul Goodman and Kenneth Rexroth and were part of a generation of

anarchists who laid the groundwork for the cultural movements that defined San Francisco in the fifties and sixties. Audrey told me once that she was too busy raising children to pay much attention to the beat generation, but followed this by saying she had attended the event where Ginsberg read *Howl* for the first time. Raising her two daughters directed Audrey's interests toward anarchist education and the Modern School movement, leading her to help found the Walden School in Berkeley in 1958.

She worked as a teacher at Walden until the early seventies and was the bookkeeper at her friend Moe Moskowitz's Berkeley bookstore for many years after. In her fifties, she had hip surgery, separated from her partner David, and began swimming at the YMCA every day. At sixty, she started acting with Stagebridge, the country's oldest senior theater company, and continued to perform with them for over twenty-five years. She was still taking an improv class there this fall and spoke about the power and importance it had for her.

I met Audrey seven and a half years ago when I began attending the Anarchist Study Group at the Long Haul in Berkeley. Thirty to seventy years older than the rest of us, she spoke her mind freely and did not allow others to put her on a pedestal. When many of her peers had lost touch with younger anarchists, Audrey was one of us: engaging with us every week and reading more obscure theory than she ever wanted to.

Audrey always said she did not celebrate holidays; they were too tied up with god and the state for her taste. She did, however, love to celebrate birthdays and New Year's Day because they were about people and life and making it through another year. I biked over to Audrey's house a few weeks ago. She showed me some of her books and we talked about her life a lot. She did not seem to romanticize or regret any of it; she spoke of her own death without fear and was able to laugh, listen and be present with me as I spoke about myself. A week and a half later she went to the theater, came home raving about it, went to sleep, and passed away. She never stopped being an active part of our lives until she stopped altogether.

And she never voted and she never married and she never believed in the authority of god or country; and she was happy and present, well loved and a joy to know.

MISTAKES WERE MADE

REFLECTIONS ON OUR PROCESS LAST TIME

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Slingshot is always looking for new writers, artists, editors, photographers, translators, distributors, etc. to make this paper. If you send something written, please be open to editing.

Editorial decisions are made by the Slingshot Collective but not all the articles reflect the opinions of all collectives members. We welcome debate and constructive criticism.

Thanks to the people who made this: Angie, Darin, enola d!, eggplant, Fern, Fred, Glenn, Gnat, Hayley, Heather, Jared, Jesse, Joey, Joey-2, Jonathon, Julia, Kermit, Lesley, Solomon, Stephski, Vanessa, Xander, and all the authors and artists who came together to make this paper.

Slingshot Technology Meeting

We've been putting off dealing with how the internet and other technological details relate to publishing our paper in a comprehensive way for years by putting band aids on top of band aids. On Saturday April 6 at 2 pm, we're going to have an open discussion of what technology we want to apply and how to do it. If you know about tech stuff and want to help us explore and improve ways of spreading slingshoty-info digitally, join us at this meeting.

Slingshot New Volunteer Meeting

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by enola d!

In issue 111, we ran an article by Robert Eggplant called "Love Who You Will and Say What You Must: New Words as Insult or Acknowledgement?" that was a personal critique of the prefix "cis" written by a non-transman who felt offended that this term exists and feels that it is used against him. In the article, he writes that he does not know the actual definition of the term, refuses to research it, and writes about it anyway. His stance is kind of obviously privileged and oblivious by choice. He refuses to accept the idea that marginalized people that do not share his non-transmale experiences may want to work to change their unwanted experiences in ways that he can't understand without trying.

Some of the readers of issue 111 were disgusted at our choice to run the article and, honestly, so were some of the Slingshot collective members. I personally considered no longer participating in Slingshot if we were to choose to run the article. We did end up running it, for various reasons—to provide a critique of labeling culture, because "it can be

article in our meetings. There were some comments made about how the definition of the term was not respected in the article, but the comments could not change the text. The disagreement about this article did not cause more of an uproar than the disagreement about other articles—There was a controversial one against black bloc for instance, which we also chose to run. The difference between the debate over violence vs. non-violence, and the debate over whether or not to respect "P.C. language" is obvious to me. But even during this issue's process I am rediscovering that not everyone is on the same page. This can be frustrating in the context of radical newsletter editing, but is a risk any open collective runs.

I felt embarrassed that the article was published. I had also contributed an article to

not the only one. Some others in the collective got pissed, and I got pissed again, and, seriously, we are sorry.

No one person can speak for the collective. We are an anarchist newspaper, but beyond that, the Slingshot collective as a whole does not always endorse any one way of thinking over another. When deciding to write this response, my first idea was to formulate a letter to the reader, from the Slingshot collective. This proved to be impossible, so I made the task easier on myself by just writing from my own heart and my own experience.

Slingshot is a long-running, widely distributed newspaper. To some people, the words we publish may represent anarchist culture in Berkeley, in California, in the US. They would be a hugely inaccurate representation of any of those things. I would hate for someone reading the newsletter to think that disdain for the prefix "cis," as a cis-person, is common and acceptable in our communities. We, the anarchists, are many while we, who write for Slingshot, are few. The truth is, anyone can write an article and send it



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Slingshot New Volunteer Meeting

Volunteers interested in getting involved with Slingshot can come to the new volunteer meeting on Sunday March 24, 2013 at 4 p.m. at the Long Haul in Berkeley (see below.)

Article Deadline & Next Issue Date

Submit your articles for issue 113 by April 20, 2013 at 3 p.m.

Volume 1, Number 112, Circulation 20,000
Printed February 1, 2013

Slingshot Newspaper

A publication of Long Haul
Office: 3124 Shattuck Avenue
Mailing: PO Box 3051, Berkeley, CA 94703
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slingshot.tao.ca • fucking twitter @slingshotnews

Circulation Information

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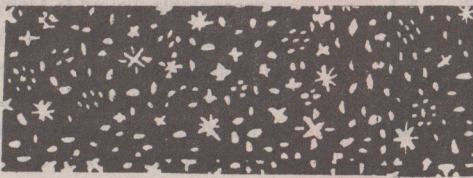
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term was not respected in the article, but the comments could not change the text. The disagreement about this article did not cause more of an uproar than the disagreement about other articles—There was a controversial one against black bloc for instance, which we also chose to run. The difference between the debate over violence vs. non-violence, and the debate over whether or not to respect "P.C. language" is obvious to me. But even during this issue's process I am rediscovering that not everyone is on the same page. This can be frustrating in the context of radical newsletter editing, but is a risk any open collective runs.

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that issue and I wanted my friends to read it, but could not hand it to them without at least the vaguest warning. As a cis-lady, my own discomfort should have alarmed me to the tremendous upset the article was liable to cause in folks who feel targeted by it. Maybe it did. I spoke up until I gave up, which sums up a lot of my experience with having strong opinions in collectives, unfortunately. But, while working on this issue and revisiting the article in question after reading a letter someone sent about it, it seems now like I was

seriously, we are sorry.

No one person can speak for the collective. We are an anarchist newspaper, but beyond that, the Slingshot collective as a whole does not always endorse any one way of thinking over another. When deciding to write this response, my first idea was to formulate a letter to the reader, from the Slingshot collective. This proved to be impossible, so I made the task easier on myself by just writing from my own heart and my own experience.

Slingshot is a long-running, widely distributed newspaper. To some people, the words we publish may represent anarchist culture in Berkeley, in California, in the US. They would be a hugely inaccurate representation of any of those things. I would hate for someone reading the newsletter to think that disdain for the prefix "cis," as a cis-person, is common and acceptable in our communities. We, the anarchists, are many while we, who write for Slingshot, are few. The truth is, anyone can write an article and send it in. We often receive and publish articles that we don't necessarily agree with, written by people we have never met. We hardly ever print an article that everyone in the collective is in love with. Robert is a collective member, but maybe that just means he comes to meetings and involves himself. Meetings are open to everyone. One of the things repeated during our process last time was, "well, hopefully it will spark discussion." So, if you feel like furthering a discussion, we would love to read an article from you.

2013 GOLDEN WINGNUT AWARD

: ACCEPTING NOMINATIONS :

Slingshot will award its ninth annual Award for Lifetime Achievement -- the Golden Wingnut -- at its 25th birthday party on Sunday, March 10 at 3124 Shattuck in Berkeley (8 pm). Slingshot created the Lifetime Achievement Award to recognize direct action radicals who have dedicated their lives to the

struggle for alternatives to the current absurd system. Wingnut is the term some of us use to refer to folks who blend radicalism and a highly individual personal style -- more than just another boring radical. Golden Wingnuts mix determination, inspiration and flair. The winner has their biography featured in our next issue,

and will receive a wingnut trophy and superhero outfit. We're looking for nominations. To be eligible, an individual has to be currently alive and must have at least 25 years of service to the movement. Please send your nominations by 5 p.m. on March 1 along with why a particular person should be awarded the Golden Wingnut for 2013 to slingshot@tap.ca.

LPFM ALIVE DESPITE LEGISLATION

By DJ Rubble

On November 30, 2012, the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) announced implementation of the bipartisan Local Community Radio Act of 2010. The legislation instructs the FCC to license more small, local Low Power FM (LPFM) stations. These stations broadcast on up to 100-watt transmitters, usually with a 3-4 mile signal range. The legislation replaces a 2000 ruling first recognizing LPFM. The 2000 legislation was hailed a groundbreaking victory for unlicensed radio, which had seized the airwaves and refused to be removed. However, the radio industry through inside deals from powerful lobbying arm the National Association of Broadcasters (NAB) with the FCC and Congress quickly maneuvered to strategically undermine the process to eliminate even the smallest level of competition for the profiteers.

Over a twelve year period the net result is about 800 small, non-profit corporate LPFM stations nationally. Virtually none have been licensed in major urban areas, including none in the Bay area. The majority are rural stations owned by a well-funded national religious network, most others by schools and emergency responders. The result is a corporate jukebox of songs from the top ten record labels, AP wire service briefs, and government-funded propaganda from NPR.

The current LPFM legislation is again hailed as ground breaking by the media and radio

the only public support coming from industry profiteers.

Consolidation levels are already ridiculous. In 2003, 50 corporations owned 90% of the media. Now, six corporations own that 90%. People of color control 3.6% of TV stations and 8% of radio stations, and women less than 10% overall. 1996 legislation began the escalating consolidation, broadening radio

makes it really risky to hold public events and interact with the community.

Why didn't this level of repression end, or even slow down the movement? Negative FCC publicity from armed raids and failed legal challenges dissuade higher profile challenges. How do people react to news reports that a volunteer DJ on air had multiple guns put to his/her head by multi-jurisdictional police forces that burst into the studio space under



Unlicensed radio and web broadcasting has and can continue to provide much more than songs and talk, namely direct action politics. The web-based independent media center movement started around the "Battle of Seattle". Internet sites can broadcast audio live on location worldwide and archive shows for free download and rebroadcast at minimal cost. When an FM radio station is willing to link to that live site, it can simulcast live from the studio with a click of a button.

San Francisco Liberation Radio (SFLR) was broadcasting good quality radio to central San Francisco in 2003 when bombs started dropping in Iraq, before shutdown by armed FCC raid. At that time, licensed broadcasters were summarily fired for uttering even a word in opposition to this destructive war, resulting in nothing but corporate "cheerleading" and self-censorship.

The SF Bay Independent Media Center (indybay.org) formed a web radio station called Enemy Combatant Radio (ECR). The day after the Iraq war was announced, it broadcast from the studio live call-in reports from the streets on a day the Financial District was completely shut down with anarchist-oriented tactics, costing Wall Street millions. SFLR broadcasted ECR live. Broadcasts from subsequent rally sites and break-away marches were streamed live with SFLR rebroadcast live in public parks. Internet hits were logged from indymedia sites worldwide. Event-specific street broadcasts have been held at major anti-war rallies and anti-globalization events, including live documentation of police-protester clashes in breakaway marches.

Occupy movements created live streams to document activities and for radio re-broadcast. Several years ago, Puerto Rican students and supporters seized public university campus' over university fee hike/service cuts, with police/protester riots across cities. Part of a worldwide student movement, students set up an LPFM station on the seized campus. A student leader I interviewed while visiting the Bay Area said they'd gotten the idea from reading about Berkeley Liberation Radio.

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The current LPFM legislation is again hailed as ground breaking by the media and radio activist organizations that worked hard for passage. It should provide a few more good quality, local stations. But will it help or actually hurt LPFM in the context of the overall goals of the original movement, which started out as "pirate radio"?

Within a week or two after the LPFM announcement, the FCC quietly announced another round of corporate media deregulation, the third attempt in the past decade. This legislation expands and includes radio in recently implemented cross-ownership rules to allow one corporation to own one newspaper, two TV stations, and up to 8 radio stations in any one market. The FCC's complicity in expansion of corporate license approvals threatens to further limit the amount of dial space left for LPFM licenses.

In two weeks, media activist organizations delivered over 200,000 letters in opposition, minority media organizations protested, and 57 Congress people signed a letter in opposition, reminding the FCC of legal obligations it is ignoring. Yet, this year the FCC marches forward despite similar defeated attempts by organized public action in 2003 and 2007, with



the only public support coming from industry profiteers.

Consolidation levels are already ridiculous. In 2003, 50 corporations owned 90% of the media. Now, six corporations own that 90%. People of color control 3.6% of TV stations and 8% of radio stations, and women less than 10% overall. 1996 legislation began the escalating consolidation, broadening radio ownership from about 35 stations nationally per company to about 35% or more in any geographic market. In 4 years, hated conglomerate Clear Channel grew from 35 to over 1200 stations nationally.

Estimates of the number of new LPFM stations that will be licensed are low, completely dependent on implementation. While virtually no LPFM stations were added over 12 years, countless thousands of big corporate applications were rubber-stamped, with estimates of up towards 10,000 of these applications on hold in the pipeline. Most aren't even new, rather "repeater" or "translator" stations that either expand the signal range of an existing station or rebroadcast existing stations in different markets. An FCC brief last year suggested allowing 1 LPFM station for every 70 new licenses issued.

LPFM started towards the mid-90's as a civil disobedience "pirate radio" movement. Stations such as Free Radio Berkeley and San Francisco Liberation Radio jumped onto open dial spaces with cheap equipment, as a broadcasting voice for the exploding homeless populations totally shut out of institutional media. At that time, homeless activists involved with Food Not Bombs and Homes Not Jails took over unused buildings, creating space for LPFM broadcasting, and

makes it really risky to hold public events and interact with the community.

Why didn't this level of repression end, or even slow down the movement? Negative FCC publicity from armed raids and failed legal challenges dissuade higher profile challenges. How do people react to news reports that a volunteer DJ on air had multiple guns put to his/her head by multi-jurisdictional police forces that burst into the studio space under the direction of an FCC bureaucrat?

More to the point, unlicensed broadcasting isn't and never was "illegal". No legalities exist either way. Would the FCC win or lose a court challenge on grounds that it is mandated to provide for things like local, affordable access and diversity in membership and content? LPFM exists and is now legal, because of the brave, unyielding civil disobedience actions of these DJs and supporters.



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The current licensing process is led by liberal/progressive organizations with very little advocacy for or involvement from the unlicensed community. Most pirate broadcasters I've heard from - including myself - want nothing to do with being a corporation, playing it safe, having a station manager, raising big money, or having anything to do with the FCC. In my opinion, radical, direct action stations have a better chance staying on the air without a license. If licensed and unwilling to self-censor, the first thing to fight will be industry-fueled FCC witch hunts that take back the license. Stations paying tens of thousands of dollars start-up costs are likely to play it safe with non-confrontational liberal politics, and push out socialist, anarchist and other leftist viewpoints.

Why did the 2000 LPFM legislation accomplish virtually nothing? The legislation was flawed in the first place, only allowing for non-profit corporations such as schools and churches. FCC and cheap industry tricks

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The local power structure reacted by jailing activists and criminalizing homeless people while the FCC reacted similarly; criminalizing "illegal broadcasters" for operating without a license despite the fact that no low power licensing process existed. The criminalization included removing stations in armed multi-jurisdictional raids to seize "illegal transmitters."

Broadcasters were sent civil fine notices in the tens of thousands of dollars, property owners threatened with both civil fines and property seizure for hosting "illegal" activities. The FCC to this day uses it's limited public resources to spy, infiltrate, harass, threaten, and remove by force unlicensed stations as if an FBI investigating criminals on a most wanted list. This scares away broadcasters, results in frequent evictions, drives stations underground in need of internal security, and

isn't an never was "illegal". No legalities exist either way. Would the FCC win or lose a court challenge on grounds that it is mandated to provide for things like local, affordable access and diversity in membership and content? LPFM exists and is now legal, because of the brave, unyielding civil disobedience actions of these DJs and supporters.



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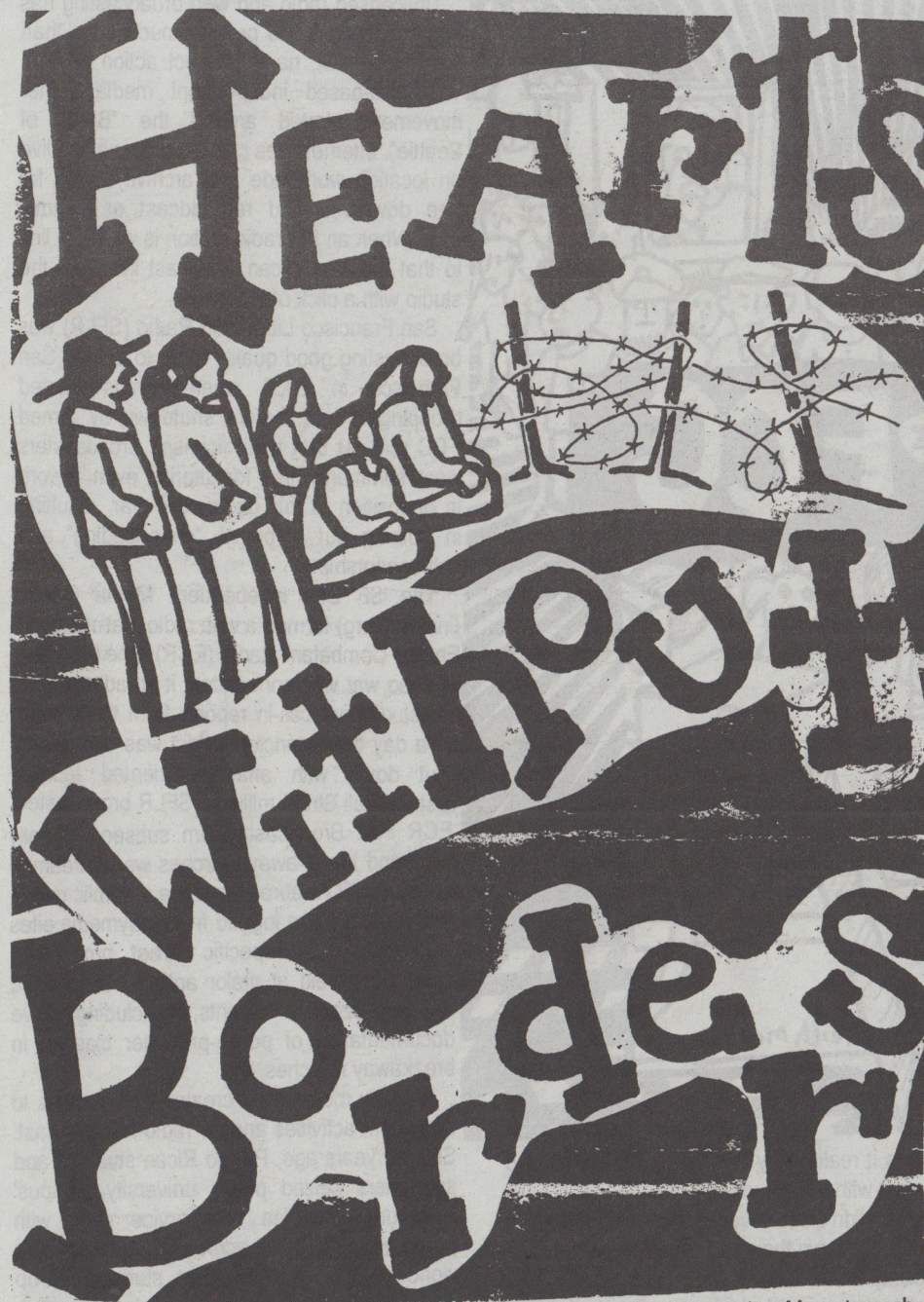
Why did the 2000 LPFM legislation accomplish virtually nothing? The legislation was flawed in the first place, only allowing for non-profit corporations such as schools and churches. FCC and cheap industry tricks quickly destroyed the rest. Instead of granting licenses to existing unlicensed stations, the FCC implemented a retaliatory "lifetime ban" for anyone having participated in these "illegal activities". Artificially limiting dial space, unrealistic application costs, hiding a court-mandated study, refusal to open new available spectrums, and not administering the process are some of the implementation blocks. NPR has bought up most small stations, driving the price of a license into the millions and leaving few small local stations left.

In my analysis, the new LPFM movement is needed more than ever just to replace the fast disappearing traditional "non-commercial" radio spectrum. Unlicensed radio activists can look to the roots of pirate radio and current independent media movements to re-invigorate a radical direct action movement for quality radio free of government control.



Free Radio Berkeley pioneer Steven Dunifer recently raised the issue of the radio movement having been formed for much, much more than 800 little private corporate stations. Dunifer has produced for worldwide distribution basic radio starter kits that get a station broadcasting for less than \$1,000. Many unlicensed stations broadcast good radio as non-hierarchical collectives on as little as several hundred dollars a month, mostly for cheap rent and utilities. Many are self-financed with small monthly DJ donations, used equipment, and occasional fundraising benefits.





by Danielle Morgen

Yaressi Morin's mother brought her here when she was 6 years old. She was a little girl already carrying a culture with her, but she

feel like thinking about it. My stomach convulsed in guilt, thinking of all of the U.S. citizens like me enjoying Mexican food on that Saturday morning. The question of how many lives the government might be ruining in that

This is precisely why I felt as though a giant bucket of ice water had been dumped over my head when E's brother contacted me in December with the news that the cops had picked E up on a DWI. Six months went by since we'd eaten in that restaurant and we were no longer together. Furthermore, our attempts to stay friends had gone about as well as trying to eat healthfully at McDonald's, so we were not on speaking terms. All of the old feelings I'd imprisoned in some inaccessible area of my psyche came rushing back with a vengeance, and I collapsed beneath the weight of them, realizing I was still in love with him. I wanted to do anything I could to help. Two days later, I took the first possible opportunity to visit him. As I waited, my thoughts raced incessantly:

What will he say? Would he refuse to see me? Why would I even still care if I had any self-respect? Stop beating yourself up. You're here, if he's acts like an asshole, just don't come again.

After 30 minutes, a guard emerged. "Video visitation: Martin-ez." I winced at the Anglo-cized enunciation. He listed more inmates' last names, then barked, "The rest of you...hang tight." Another quarter of an hour passed before the guard returned and shouted only E's last name. I stood up.

"He's working right now, so he can't do the visitation."

"Right." I said, pretending I'd almost expected it. But I wanted to scream, "Are you fucking kidding me!?"

Then he added, "You should be able to visit him in another hour and a half, I think...I hope." Being on a break from school and work afforded me the privilege to wait around for him. Others are not so lucky.

I could barely contain myself as the guard herded us to a hallway with telephones and windows. I walked to the third window on the left where E sat beaming at me in black and white stripes. But as soon as I sat down, we both began to cry. Awkward small talk ensued as we wiped the liquid from our faces to make way for new tears.

Not being one to sit long with sadness, he

Still, I asked her, "If we are in such a dire economic crisis, what is the incentive of keeping detainees indefinitely? We are spending to feed, sustain, and deport these individuals. It doesn't make any sense."

"Cheap labor in suffering, small town economies," she responded. The pieces suddenly fit together. The privatized companies were making money off of locking up flesh in buildings, so that those in the fragile economy on the outside could benefit. Only \$60 a day per inmate would be more than balanced out by creating jobs at these centers for the townsfolk, who could in turn spend their newly earned money. The hotels nearby benefitted from the visitors. I wanted to vomit.

"Slavery never ended!" I ranted at my father on the phone later on. "They are separating families of color. They offer them \$3 an hour to work while they make a profit off of them. We're all just letting it happen."

"It's not right, but he shouldn't have been driving around like that when he shouldn't even be here in the first place." My dad's attempt at reasoning through the injustice failed to console me. Though I don't condone drinking and driving, E's mistake did not help me further understand this agreed upon illusion called "borders." "Preservation of national security" was being used to justify racism, xenophobia, and institutionalized slavery, or at least legalized trafficking. All in the name of good ole Amurika, where folk like them "don't belong here," while others I knew received community service hours and a fine for being significantly more intoxicated when they were pulled over than E. The scales on the dollar bill were collapsing, an elephant and a mouse joining together as see-saw partners. Somehow, I don't think this is the dream Martin Luther King, Jr. had in mind.

"The privatized companies were making money off of locking up flesh in buildings, so that those in the fragile economy on the outside could benefit."

Without Borders

by Danielle Morgen

Yaressi Morin's mother brought her here when she was 6 years old. She was a little girl already carrying a culture with her, but she was still young enough to fully embrace another. The United States became her home. When she was deported back to Mexico 14 years later, she crawled back across the desert, determined to return home. She died trying. She took her last breath in her cousin's arms after suffocating in the heat.

This story glared upward at me while I waited for my food at *Juan in-a Million*, a popular Mexican restaurant in east Austin. I became preoccupied with the Mexican newspaper recounting the tragedy and tried not to bleed my Gringa heart all over the table. It was late spring of 2012, and the idea of the DREAM Act had not yet been introduced.

Eventually, I looked up at my lover who had joined me for breakfast and asked him, "Why does this bullshit happen?"

"She didn't have the papers."

"But why won't the government let her get the papers? She spent most of her fucking life here." I felt indignant.

He shrugged. He came off as flippant, but I knew better. He himself is an undocumented immigrant from Mexico, and probably didn't

feel like thinking about it. My stomach convulsed in guilt, thinking of all of the U.S. citizens like me enjoying Mexican food on that Saturday morning. The question of how many lives the government might be ruining in that second as countless Texans chewed on breakfast tacos stuck in my head like the knot of refried beans and tortilla that was about to be plastered to the roof of my mouth.

My "Don Juan" taco arrived. For a minute, I only stared down at it in shame. E's eyes looked up from his huevos y la seccion de los deportes, curious.

I shake my head. "I'm sorry I'm acting weird. I have a lot on my mind." My thoughts had simplified to only four words, actually, but they weighed heavily: this could be him.

As I ate, my mind flickered back to one of the times we visited Barton Springs. He joked that he couldn't swim to deter me from dragging him into the frigid water. To an onlooker, he might have sounded convincing, yet I knew that he had pushed his way across a river to be here. He would jokingly call himself a wetback, and laugh when I cringed at the word. I later asked him if the river was

much wider than the spot where we were swimming.

"Yes, and it was moving much faster."

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Not being one to sit long with sadness, he smiled at me and changed the subject, proclaiming, "I want a taco." I laughed. "The food is bad here," he went on. Then, he asked hopefully, "Did you bring my dad with you?"

"No, Patito, I'm so sorry. He can't come see you; it's too dangerous. Do you have any family or friends that are citizens? I can help them to come see you." He shook his head, confirming to me that I was the only person close with him who could see him. I wondered about all of the immigrants who did not have a token U.S citizen in their lives to make the trip.



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"The privatized companies were making money off of locking up flesh in buildings, so that those in the fragile economy on the outside could benefit."

The last time I visited E in the county prison, he was excited. "I'm leaving soon!"

"To the detention center?"

"Yes, I think."

I tensed. Neither his brother nor I had managed yet to find him a lawyer. I chose not to tell him about the articles I'd read recounting the infamously awful conditions of Texas detention centers and the reports of sexual assaults.

Instead, I asked, "Do you know the date they are sending you? Did they tell you where? You could be sent very far away, which will make it harder for me to come visit you."

He frowned. "No. Soon, though." I was not surprised that demystifying the process was not ICE's top priority.

Soon after, they moved him and I traveled 4 hours round trip to visit. Rather than clawing at the windows, we chose instead this time to draw human genitalia and profanities with our oily fingerprints on the glass. When we said goodbye, I cried, not knowing if this would be the last time I would see him.

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much wider than the spot where we were swimming.

"Yes, and it was moving much faster."

"Were you scared?"

"Yes." It was another stupid question that I had to ask.

People stared as we lay out by the water.

"We are a weird couple," he had said once.

"Yeah," I agreed. "I see them looking." So many white people I know claim that racism is no longer an issue, but segregation is still the norm. If it wasn't, why would a white woman and a Mexican guy be such a spectacle?

These racial and cultural tensions are not lessened by the supposedly progressive Obama administration, which is cracking down harder on immigrants than ever. Their goal, in connection with privately owned detention centers, is to deport 400,000 immigrants each year. In order to meet this quota, they have expanded what defines "aggravated felonies," or the charges that immediately render someone deportable. These aggravated felonies now include what would be considered a misdemeanor for a United States citizen, such as minor shoplifting. In the words of my friend who works amongst lawmakers in Texas, "They are hanging onto otherwise law-abiding fifty year-old churchgoing moms and dads these days."

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"How lonely, how inhumane!" I shouted in my head.

I was able to visit him a few more times, and with each visit the window between us became more tragically erotic. We clawed at that glass partition like sex-starved animals in heat. We mixed our fingerprints with those of others in previous visitations who simply longed to hold someone's hand.

Being the child of addicts and a student of social work, I felt compelled to "fix it," and easily must have called 15 or more lawyers and various organizations during the next few days. At the end of that I only received one returned message- a lawyer referred to me by a social work professor interested in immigrants' rights. This lawyer was kind enough to visit E pro bono after visiting another one of her clients at the same institution. She called me afterward, informing me that she could not help him.

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On the eve of the submission deadline for this article, E called me with the last of cash he'd likely borrowed. "I am so bored," he lamented. "I want to get out of here. Can you come visit me soon?"

"I'm going to try, Patito," I said. "Your brother said he will send money soon."

"I'm going to try to come back after they deport me, but maybe they won't if I use this lawyer my brother just found." The lawyer had sounded like a scam artist when I called him to follow up, and I trusted him about as far as I could throw him.

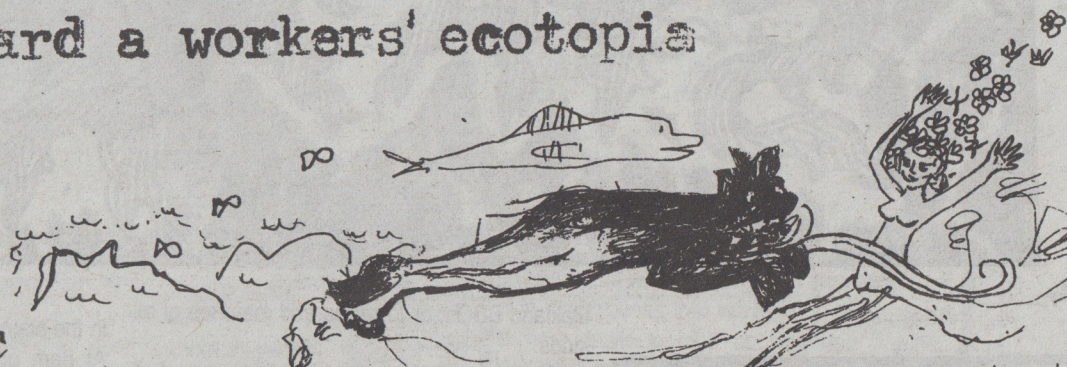
"But it isn't safe..." Yaressi's story reappeared before my eyes.

"No. I'll be fine. It will be okay."

I could hear him smiling, and reminisced about the first time I had ever seen his smile at the restaurant where we met. He was a busser, and I was a hostess. We catered to the rich people and politicians just down the street from the Texas State Capital. For a second, I remembered the way the Congressmen would ignore us as I led them to the tables, and he would smile at me as he rushed in to pour their water.

Onward to Cascadia

toward a workers' ecotopia



Editor's Note:

I grew up in the so-called "Pacific Northwest," and I've heard a lot of forgettable myths about future anti-authoritarian ecotopic societies. But for some reason, Cascadia and its mythos sticks around.

I've witnessed the Cascadian Separatist Movement grow from hushed tavern conversations in Seattle, to drunken proclamations on sailboats in Bellingham Bay, to protestors waving Cascadian flags during massive labor marches in Portland, Oregon. Numerous workers' cooperatives have sprouted up inspired by the Cascadian Dream of removing bosses and the state, the dream of creating a meaningful relationship with one's workplace and bioregion. Perhaps the incredible growth of this movement has something to do with the Cascadian flag.

Unlike so many radical visions these days, Cascadia is not merely a project of negation. Cascadians allow themselves to indulge in the symbolic things that have been ascribed to modern imperialism: flags, anthems, mottos, and maps. Some criticize this. But I've come to wonder: As activists, are we merely fighting the flags and symbols of capitalist imperialism? Or are we actually attempting to confront the mechanisms of oppression beneath the flags? Humans have united around symbols since

Illehee. We honor and use both names of our home.

Bioregionalism is the consciousness or awareness of the interconnectedness of the water-life cycle within a given region. The great water-life cycles are actually the generation and transfer of energy. So each bioregion is a living system of interconnected communities and churning energy. In Tao philosophy, the flow of energy in bodies and systems is ascribed to *chi* (Qi) or often translated into English as "life force." The water-life (within the great water-life cycles) is like the *chi* of the biomass of the Earth. It is a flow of energy and living beings that are dependent on those life cycles, and it is crucial that we sustain,

relations (mutual aid), and resilient communities. It is a decentralized network that branches out like a nervous system throughout the bioregion. This new approach is called a Bioregional Cooperative Commonwealth (BCC).

A **Bioregional Cooperative Commonwealth** is not a centralized socialist system, but it takes ideas from socialism and turns them inside out & upside down. Instead of an overarching centralized management bureau redistributing wealth, controlling the means of production & the commons, a BCC would be locally and horizontally managed. It is a network, with local nodes of autonomy working together in mutual aid. The model of

These companies are all owned and democratically managed by the workers. They manage the means of production themselves, without intervention by bosses or the state, and coops support each other in mutual aid. This is perhaps the world's best functioning model of **anarcho-syndicalism**, an economic model which facilitates the formation of a non-authoritarian society.

The Swadeshi Movement in India arose in the early 1900s as a strategy to dismantle the colonial rule of the British Empire. Following the principals of *swadeshi* (Sanskrit for "self-reliance" or "autonomy"), folks boycotted British products and revived domestic production. This was a Localization Movement that was carefully aimed at undermining imperialist power structures, and it was a key strategy of Mahatma Gandhi, who described *Swadeshi* as the soul of *Swaraj* (self-rule). Gandhi's economic model is central as we restructure our workplaces to build a Bioregional Cooperative Commonwealth.

Gandhian economics diverge from both Smith (capitalism) and Marx (communism) because those models operate through a system of ownership. Gandhian economics promotes a social structure based on trusteeship. In ownership-based systems, one can legally use, misuse, abuse, and even



myths about future anti-authoritarian ecotopic societies. But for some reason, Cascadia and its mythos sticks around.

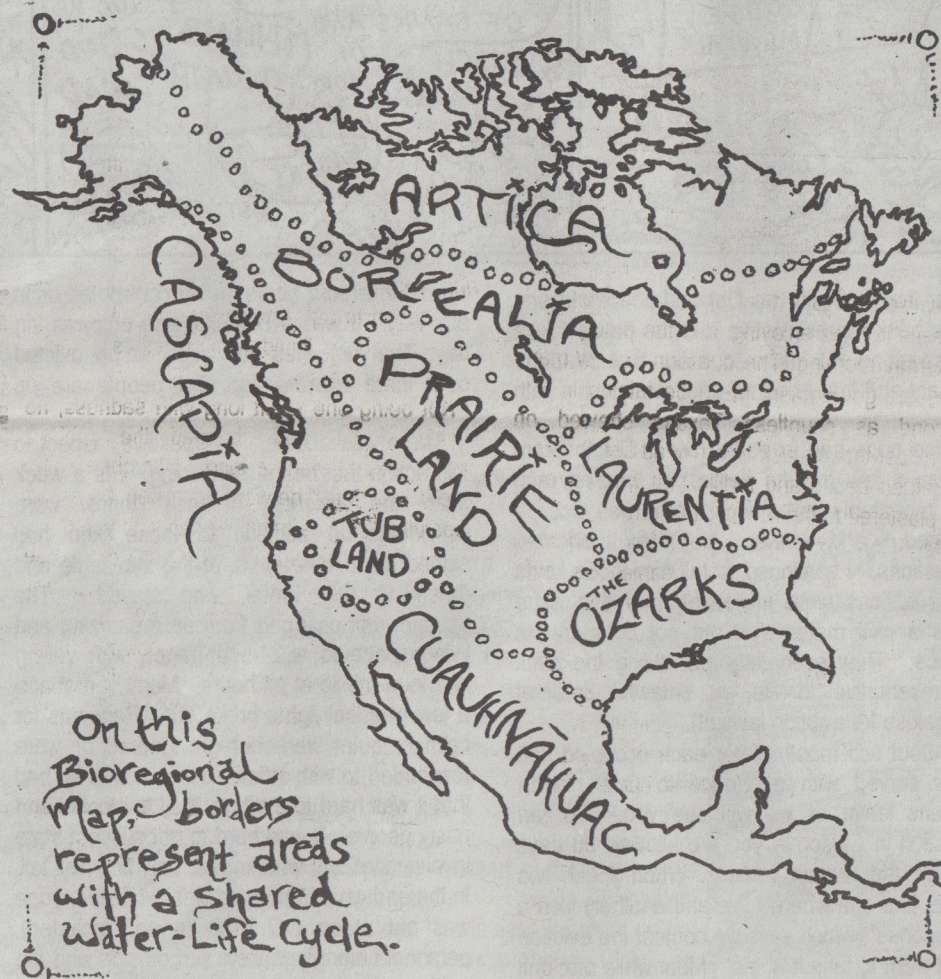
I've witnessed the Cascadian Separatist Movement grow from hushed tavern conversations in Seattle, to drunken proclamations on sailboats in Bellingham Bay, to protestors waving Cascadian flags during massive labor marches in Portland, Oregon. Numerous workers' cooperatives have sprouted up inspired by the Cascadian Dream of removing bosses and the state, the dream of creating a meaningful relationship with one's workplace and bioregion. Perhaps the incredible growth of this movement has something to do with the Cascadian flag.

Unlike so many radical visions these days, Cascadia is not merely a project of negation. Cascadians allow themselves to indulge in the symbolic things that have been ascribed to modern imperialism: flags, anthems, mottos, and maps. Some criticize this. But I've come to wonder: As activists, are we merely fighting the flags and symbols of capitalist imperialism? Or are we actually attempting to confront the mechanisms of oppression beneath the flags? Humans have united around symbols since long before the first capitalist bought the abstracted labor of a worker, and symbols will remain long after the last growth-oriented workplace is dismantled. Perhaps the Cascadians are on to something: they have stolen the symbolic language that gives power and legitimacy to empires, and applied it to a network of workers' coops engaged in environmental stewardship. But Cascadia isn't just about putting good ideas in fun packaging.

There is something magic about the dream of Cascadia, something sentimental—it evokes a sort of longing for an ideal future of the past (the blueprint for Cascadia was, after all, largely inspired by the bestselling 1975 science-fiction novel *Ecotopia*). And I'll admit that sometimes, while walking under a water-laden sky, I find my imagination spilling onto the canvas of grey clouds, my mind suddenly alight with visions of a free Cascadia, and a global network of Bioregional Cooperative Commonwealths.

I stole the text of this article from a zine that's been circulating for about 20 years called "FREE CASCADIA! WE ARE CASCADIAN." I've revised parts to better reflect the scope of conversations I've had in

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maintain, and preserve those cycles in conscious, healthy ways. Within each bioregion, there are many ecoregions with unique habits and microclimates, but those ecoregions are all connected by a shared water-life cycle. The actions in one part of a bioregion have consequences downriver and upwind. As bioregionalists awakened to the

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Gandhian economics diverge from both Smith (capitalism) and Marx (communism) because those models operate through a system of ownership. Gandhian economics promotes a social structure based on trusteeship. In ownership-based systems, one can legally use, misuse, abuse, and even destroy what is owned. (In capitalism, this is done by individuals. In communism, it is done by the state.) In a trusteeship-based system, the trustee cannot misuse or destroy property because there is no property; There are only resources that have been temporarily entrusted to individuals and groups. This reflects reality. We live temporary lives within a deeply interconnected biosphere. The lie of private property conceals this reality, and enables destructive ownership-based systems to direct people away from their own happiness in a destructive race for temporary gain.

As humans, we are entrusted with an incredible amount of power over our bioregion. Those who cannot speak for themselves—future generations of humans, as well as non-human people (called "animals" by those who exploit them), depend on us to make responsible choices. Our choices deeply affect all living things, particularly those within our bioregion.

Our home is of continuous cascading water, and as trustees of this water-life cycle, our highest incentive is stewardship, autonomy, and the process of building meaningful lives. The matter in our bodies is on loan to us, and

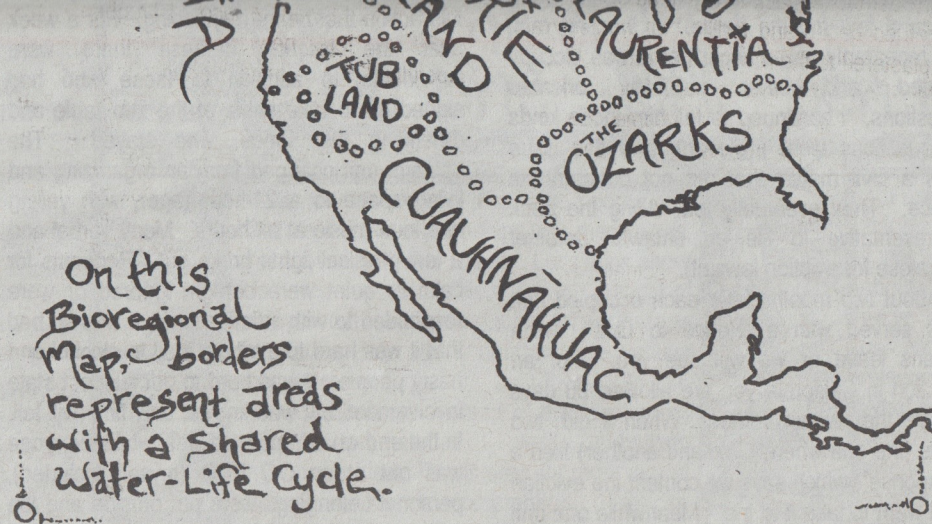
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HAYLEY of the Slingshot Collective

Cascadia is a region that extends west from the Rockies, following the flow of water all the way to the Pacific Ocean. Why not call it "the Pacific Northwest"? Because that is a geopolitical description based on an Atlantic-centered map. The "Pacific Northwest" is a nameless object at the distant corner of Atlantic empires, an object of second thought to the power centers in Washington DC & Ottawa. We have a name: We are Cascadians! And we have a home: It is called Cascadia! By giving ourselves and our home a name, we begin the process of empowering ourselves and restoring the land as a place of home and sacredness, and not a place for "resource extraction" for empire or greed. In Chinook Jargon, the name of our bioregion is Chinook



maintain, and preserve those cycles in conscious, healthy ways. Within each bioregion, there are many ecoregions with unique habits and microclimates, but those ecoregions are all connected by a shared water-life cycle. The actions in one part of a bioregion have consequences downriver and upwind. As bioregionalists awakened to the importance of these cycles and their regional interconnectivity, the work of stewardship becomes part of who we are. The bioregion permeates the very soul of the awakened inhabitant, the bioregionalist. Hence a bioregionalist is one who advocates for the expansion of consciousness and the protection of the water-life cycle.

Some envision a future Cascadia as a social democracy akin to some of the northern European countries like Finland or Denmark. Others envision a representational democracy that could be called a Republic of Cascadia. But many of us are tired of Western models of nation-states. We envision a Cascadia that is radically counter to the nation-state and counter to the control of transnational corporations that have inflicted so much direct & structural violence around the world. Our vision is anti-capitalist, decolonialist, and the end of exploitation of all kinds. This new model is one of horizontal structures, cooperative

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Protestors wave Cascadian flags in Portland on May Day 2012

with a polytechnic school and paraffin heater making cooperative, and eventually grew into a complex network of cooperative workplaces. By the end of 2011, the Mondragón Cooperative Federation included 83,869 people working in 256 companies.

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will soon return to the biosphere.

The lone-standing Douglas-fir on the Cascadian flag symbolizes endurance, defiance, and resilience against the forces of imperialism.



By _____

"I was trying to grow food in my yard. The ivy and blackberry from the neighboring abandoned apartment building were coming over under and through the fence and up through the ground, making it impossible to clear the ground for beds. The building hadn't always been empty. Maybe since the start of the housing crisis, another Oakland foreclosure. As it turned out, Bank of America, (who also owns my house) was the new owner and they were proving to be poor property owners as well as neighbors. As property owner, they were refusing to refinance my house to lower my payment and make it affordable, preferring instead to disqualify me for the loan and push me to foreclosure. As neighbors, their lack of maintenance was spilling across property lines and creating a major nuisance and expense.

"Can you blame them? Bank of America has some of the highest foreclosure ratings in the nation, that amounts to a lot of properties. A land grab of such proportions provided unique challenges for land maintenance and management. Well, a land grab could go both ways. I realized I would not be able to grow food until the other yard was cleared. In fact, I wanted to grow food on the other yard as well. I took down the fence and started hacking. And thinking, 'Why is this building empty when

Oakland BBQs, or to rallies and marches of all kinds.

It was a surprisingly long time, about 4 months, before any representative from the bank came knocking. When one finally showed up, he told us we were trespassing and would be arrested. I told him that we were not trespassing. He left and came back a little

in the stairwell and extra locked the front gate). At 6am on eviction day there were over 40 people in the yard. We also put an info table out front with information on the foreclosure crisis, predatory lending, and other resources and groups doing work in housing justice (plus free coffee!). A locksmith and sheriffs passed

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by and loitered a bit but never confronted us in any way. It was a beautiful and empowering day. That unit was supposed to be evicted over three months ago, but people are up

In the end, we lost. The scope of the trial was narrowed down to two questions for the jury to decide on. (1) Was the notice to quit served correctly? And, (2) Did defendant



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~our neighbor

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later that day with two Oakland police officers. The bank representative told the police I was trespassing. I informed them that I was a tenant and that I had no prior relationship with this so-called 'representative' of the bank. One of the cops had arrested me in Oscar Grant Plaza a few months before, in the first raid. He repeatedly asked if our home was Occupy related, and other politically oriented questions. I continued to tell him those kinds of questions were irrelevant, and this issue was a civil matter that did not concern the police. They eventually left, telling the bank representative to file an unlawful detainer (legalese for eviction lawsuit).

About two months later each occupied unit was served with a "Notice to Quit," which

by and loitered a bit but never confronted us in any way. It was a beautiful and empowering day. That unit was supposed to be evicted over three months ago, but people are up there now, laughing as I write this.

There was another, less positive, aspect to this action that bears mentioning. For a week after the eviction defense there were individuals, in addition to those who had signed up to take shifts at the info table and defending the space, who stayed. The upstairs unit changed from an organizing and living space to a 24-hour rager, with yelling and loud music at all hours. Many verbal and a few physical fights broke out. Requests for calm or quiet were outright ignored or were responded to with intimidation. It was so bad

In the end, we lost. The scope of the trial was narrowed down to two questions for the jury to decide on. (1) Was the notice to quit served correctly? And, (2) Did defendant receive permission to occupy the property?

I may be able to appeal on technical grounds and, if I win, it could create more legal protections for squatters. I have been defending myself in court, pro per. Should I appeal it would only be with the participation of a radical pro bono lawyer. So email defendourhomes@gmail.com with any leads, to get involved, or to get our case # for your own research.

Most of us out there realize we will never own a home. Most will work their lives away to pay rent or bank loans till they die, a slave in a

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It was in Oscar Grant Plaza, site of the Occupy Oakland encampment in late November 2011 when a person told me about a foreclosed and abandoned apartment complex adjacent to her home. The next day I was cleaning out a unit, getting water, gas, and electric utilities turned on in my name, changing the locks, and beginning to move in. Less than a month later all the units in the complex were occupied. Because more than one of the new occupants had received a stay away order from Oscar Grant Plaza — meaning they had court orders against them and would be arrested for going near the plaza as a result of their political activity there — it didn't take long before our home was being called the StayAway.

With the help of our neighbor, who resourced many green waste bins every week from other neighbors, we cleared the back yard of ivy and blackberries, terraced the little hill that remained and planted kale, collard, calendula, mint, sage, rosemary, fava, lettuce, tomato, carrot, potato, artichoke, sunflower, and even some ornamentals. We took it a step further. We started a few guerrilla gardens in abandoned, trash filled lots — changing them into community spaces intended to break our reliance on capitalism and replace it with solidarity and sustainability.

It would not be an exaggeration to say tens of thousands of meals were cooked in the kitchens of our occupied complex. We made connections with a Latin produce market in the nearby Fruitvale neighborhood, bike carting hundreds of pounds of edible but not sell-able produce home every week. Dumpsters in the slightly more affluent Diamond and Laurel neighborhoods provided huge amounts of food for those who would forage them. Food banks and food stamps filled the gaps. All this food would generally make its way to port and bank shutdowns, eviction defenses, Occupy

of the cops had arrested me in Oscar Grant Plaza a few months before, in the first raid. He repeatedly asked if our home was Occupy related, and other politically oriented questions. I continued to tell him those kinds of questions were irrelevant, and this issue was a civil matter that did not concern the police. They eventually left, telling the bank representative to file an unlawful detainer (legalese for eviction lawsuit).

About two months later each occupied unit was served with a "Notice to Quit", which means leave or we will sue you. For an eviction in California you are allowed 90 days before the lawsuit comes. When it did, two units (the one where I live and another) filed a "response", which says we contest the eviction and want to take it to trial. Meanwhile one unit didn't file in time and received a default judgment, which means you didn't answer so you lose the case by default. And soon after, that unit got a "10 day Notice to Vacate", which means you have ten days before the sheriff comes to make sure you're out, or arrest you if you refuse.

We organized an eviction defense. In general, we had a big sleepover, put up a bunch of banners, (STOP PAYING THE BANKS, WE WILL STAND WITH YOU, etc.), and did some light barricading (i.e. put a couch

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this action that bears mentioning. For a week after the eviction defense there were individuals, in addition to those who had signed up to take shifts at the info table and defending the space, who stayed. The upstairs unit changed from an organizing and living space to a 24-hour rager, with yelling and loud music at all hours. Many verbal and a few physical fights broke out. Requests for calm or quiet were outright ignored or were responded to with intimidation. It was so bad that it was hard to attribute it all to alcohol and nasty people. It was hard to not suspect state involvement, but who knows, only time will tell. In the end what happened was, while everyone was out at an OO BBQ (myself included), personal belongings were put outside and the unit was barricaded from the inside. It took a lot of courage to do that, and the one who did it has my eternal respect. I mention this because it could have been an ugly end to nearly a year of beautiful resistance. I think this could have been avoided had we used a vouching model for who we allow into the space, and by communicating clearer boundaries as to what is mutual aid and what is just hanging out.

It was nearly a year after I started living here when I found myself in front of a judge and jury, arguing for my right to stay. I had demanded the jury, which I felt would not only give us a better chance, but at least postpone the trial for a month and made the lawyers work overtime. They filed pretrial motions 'in limine' that barred my speech, evidence, behavior and attire along with everyone else in the court room. I will quote one of the more interesting motions in part:

"Such subjects and evidence that should be barred include, but are not limited to, the 'banking crisis,' the 'foreclosure crisis,' the 'Occupy Movement,' 'Occupy Wall Street,' 'Occupy our homes,' 'predatory lending,' or any other reference to the alleged unethical practice of banks and/or mortgage lenders."

They supported all of these pretrial motions with a "statement of the facts", in part:

"Defendant [...] has apparently invited close to two dozen others who are similarly without

grounds and, if I win, it could create more legal protections for squatters. I have been defending myself in court, pro per. Should I appeal it would only be with the participation of a radical pro bono lawyer. So email defendourhomes@gmail.com with any leads, to get involved, or to get our case # for your own research.

Most of us out there realize we will never own a home. Most will work their lives away to pay rent or bank loans till they die, a slave in a system whose debt they can never escape. Most will leave nothing to their children but debt and a dying planet. And that will never change by simply working with the state and the banks. If they have their way we will remain debt slaves forever. Our only hope lies in a community that organizes to defend their homes in a direct way; in a movement that defies the state and the banks; that refused to pay and refused to leave.

At the least, we can cause serious economic damage to the banks by fighting their foreclosures and evictions, thus taking back our power and forcing them to seriously rethink the way they encroach on us. But that is only an added bonus. Radical expropriation of land (squatting) is the rebirth of lands that are cared for and utilized, not owned and lorded over our heads to coerce us into slavery. Or as a friend of mine put it "i squat because i want to take an abandoned hole in the fabric of the universe and turn it into something autonomous and creative and communal. And i squat because i appreciate the gift of life and don't want to surrender my days to working for a boss and a landlord all the time. i squat because i like it...." We must stop paying and organize others to stop paying for this stolen land. It is something we can do now, not only to liberate ourselves, but to enact a different way of life that is a direct threat to this system of oppression.





THE GROWING MOVEMENT FOR

SEX WORKER SAFETY & RIGHTS



By US PROStitutes Collective

The US PROStitutes Collective (US PROS), formed in 1981, is a multi-racial network of former and current sex workers working in different areas of the sex industry. We are part of the International Prostitutes Collective. Our starting point is women who work the streets who are most likely to get arrested and face violence.

We estimate that about 70% of sex workers are mothers, mostly single mothers, supporting kids and other family members. Most are driven into prostitution because of poverty and lack of financial alternatives. The poverty rate for single mother-headed households was triple the poverty rate for the rest of the population in 2011. Punitive welfare reform policies have thrown thousands of moms into destitution. When welfare is cut, more women are picked up for prostitution and more women end up in prison.

We work in the sex industry for a variety of reasons. One reason is that sex work pays better than many jobs on the market, such as working in the fast food industry or as a receptionist or cashier. Sex work also often allows for flexibility and control over our work schedule. Whether working the streets, as call girls, online, as strippers, making videos, etc, if we are mothers, we can fit sex work around our kids' school schedules. Those of us who are students can set our hours around classes and studying. Many of us use sex work to top off the low wages of other jobs.

But sex work is illegal and we face arrest every time we go to work. The prostitution laws criminalize us and we are illegal workers with no rights. An arrest or a conviction for a prostitution-related offense can have devastating consequences. We can lose

One of the women in our network, a young Black mother, was convicted of violating a "Stay Out of Areas of Prostitution Order." Working with Legal Action for Women (LAW), a grassroots legal service, we contacted numerous agencies for help with affordable housing so the young woman could leave prostitution. Nothing was available. She was left with a choice between destitution and sex work. Either way she risked losing custody of her children. Tragically, this young woman was arrested again for pimping, after she helped another young woman to get off the street. US PROS intervened to stop her from being registered as a sex offender which would have had drastic and lifelong implications.

Under a new California law called the Case Act, this young woman could now be considered a "trafficker" and face 12 years in prison. The Case Act (Proposition 35) funded by ex-Facebook billionaire Chris Kelly, and supported by law enforcement, will further criminalize sex workers and anyone who we associate with. US PROS vigorously opposed the CASE Act and was joined by other sectors in the community such as people of color, church, gay, legal, civil rights groups, and many individuals. Despite claims by the people behind this law, victims of trafficking will not be helped by it. As prostitution is pushed further underground by increased criminalization of those working in the sex industry, it becomes harder for victims to report exploitation, rape and other violence, including trafficking.

Laws of this kind are part of a moral crusade. Some anti-prostitution groups, including some who call themselves feminist, claim that all prostitution is violence against women and that all immigrant sex workers are

streets where it is 10 times more dangerous to work. US PROS organized a counter protest of anti-trafficking feminist groups protesting Craigslist. We exposed those organizations which have profited from anti-trafficking funding without any consideration of the impact on sex workers' rights and safety.

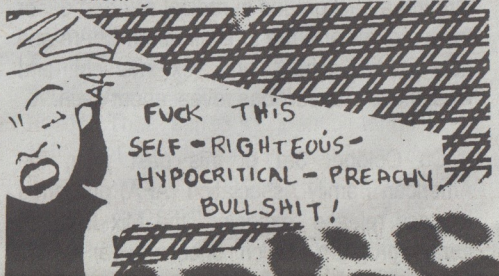
Sex worker-led actions like this are part of a growing movement for the decriminalization of prostitution which is gaining momentum and support.

In 2008 a voter initiative in San Francisco (Proposition K) called on the city to follow the example of New Zealand which had decriminalized prostitution in 2003 leading to clear improvements in safety. Despite ferocious campaigning by the Mayor, the District Attorney, anti-trafficking forces and the police, Proposition K won 41% of the vote. It was modeled on the recommendations of the path-breaking San Francisco Task Force on Prostitution, which called for the millions of dollars squandered on criminalizing sex workers to be redirected into community resources.

With the Homeless Coalition and others, US PROS has organized against recent Sit/Lie laws, which have increased the harassment of street workers, homeless people and immigrant day laborers. Sit/Lie has made it illegal to sit or lie on the sidewalk between 7am and 11pm in San Francisco. Claims that laws used against people on the streets are implemented in a racist way, are strengthened by evidence which shows that Black sex workers are seven times more likely to get arrested than their white counterparts. Occupy SF was the location of one of the actions where people spoke out against the criminalization of survival.

As cuts in benefits and services deepen, the numbers of women, young people, homeless and transgender people going into the sex industry increases. US PROS is part of a new national campaign to end the poverty of mothers and children by supporting two breakthrough bills in Congress: the WORK Act, by Pete Stark, to "provide low-income parents the option of staying home to raise young children without being pushed into poverty"; the RISE Act by Rep. Glenn Moore, which demands that "poverty reduction be put at the heart of welfare policy". These bills signal a much needed change. From the point of view of sex workers, if mothers were given the recognition and support we deserve, women wouldn't have to go into prostitution to feed our kids.

"Like women everywhere who do 2/3 of the world's work for 5% of the world's income, sex workers are fighting for more money and less work," says Rachel West, US PROS' spokeswoman. "If the billions currently squandered on war and destruction came to women, the primary caregivers everywhere, and to our communities to fulfill people's needs, no one would be forced by poverty into sex with anyone. Our demand, increasingly taken up by others, is: Outlaw Poverty, Not Prostitution."



for single mother-headed households was triple the poverty rate for the rest of the population in 2011. Punitive welfare reform policies have thrown thousands of moms into destitution. When welfare is cut, more women are picked up for prostitution and more women end up in prison.

We work in the sex industry for a variety of reasons. One reason is that sex work pays better than many jobs on the market, such as working in the fast food industry or as a receptionist or cashier. Sex work also often allows for flexibility and control over our work schedule. Whether working the streets, as call girls, online, as strippers, making videos, etc, if we are mothers, we can fit sex work around our kids' school schedules. Those of us who are students can set our hours around classes and studying. Many of us use sex work to top off the low wages of other jobs.

But sex work is illegal and we face arrest every time we go to work. The prostitution laws criminalize us and we are illegal workers with no rights. An arrest or a conviction for a prostitution-related offense can have devastating consequences. We can lose custody of our children, get kicked out of our homes, or be deported if we are immigrants. And once we have a criminal record, it is much harder to get out of prostitution and find another job. Criminalization also makes us vulnerable to rape and other violence, and fear of arrest prevents most sex workers from reporting violent crimes. Police themselves can be part of this violence. 20% of street workers and 14% of indoor workers have experienced violence at the hands of police and 16% of indoor workers had been involved in sexual situations with the police.

registered as a sex offender which would have had drastic and lifelong implications.

Under a new California law called the Case Act, this young woman could now be considered a "trafficker" and face 12 years in prison. The Case Act (Proposition 35) funded by ex-Facebook billionaire Chris Kelly, and supported by law enforcement, will further criminalize sex workers and anyone who we associate with. US PROS vigorously opposed the CASE Act and was joined by other sectors in the community such as people of color, church, gay, legal, civil rights groups, and many individuals. Despite claims by the people behind this law, victims of trafficking will not be helped by it. As prostitution is pushed further underground by increased criminalization of those working in the sex industry, it becomes harder for victims to report exploitation, rape and other violence, including trafficking.

Laws of this kind are part of a moral crusade. Some anti-prostitution groups, including some who call themselves feminist, claim that all prostitution is violence against women and that all immigrant sex workers are trafficked. But a recent crackdown on massage parlors showed that anti-trafficking laws are used primarily to tighten immigration controls and deport immigrant women, not to protect genuine victims.

The anti-trafficking lobby has used phony statistics to exaggerate the numbers of trafficked victims and to shut down online ads such as on Craigslist and Village Voice, claiming that these ads promote trafficking and exploitation. Sex workers protested that censoring ads made it harder for them to work independently—some were forced onto the

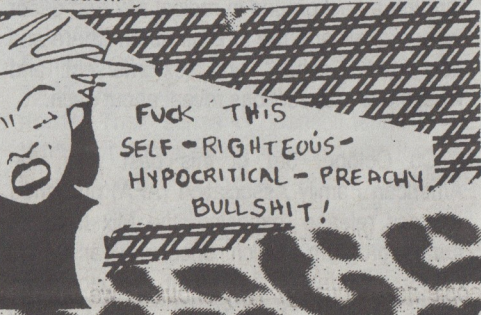
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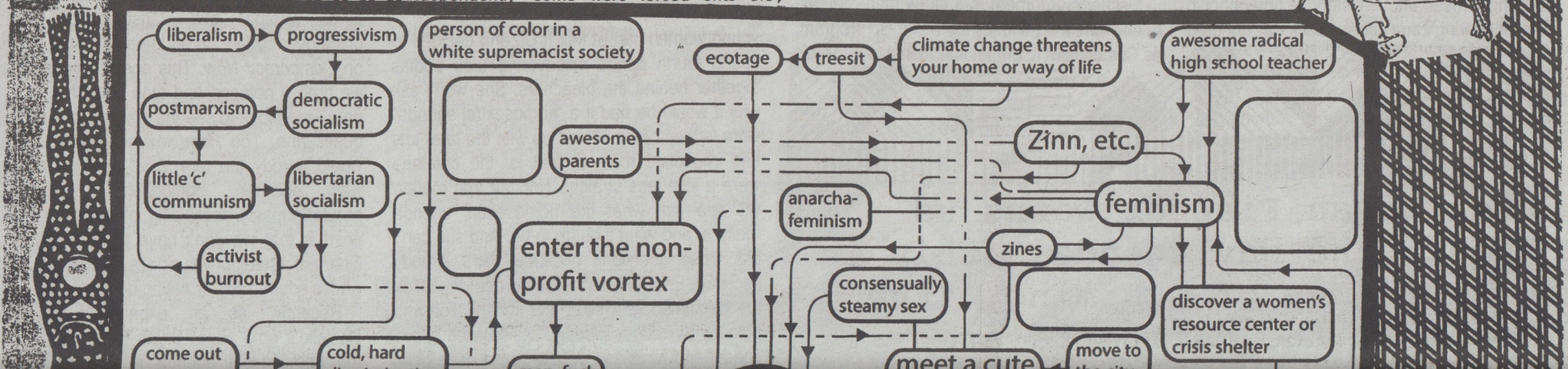
We've also taken action against serial rapists. With Legal Action for Women/SF we spearheaded a community monitoring initiative at the trial of serial rapist Jack Bokin. Bokin brutally attacked and raped four women, three of them sex workers. For two years, we coordinated a rota of people to attend court and pressed for justice for the victims. This public scrutiny was instrumental in ensuring a conviction and a prison sentence of 231 years. The case of Joseph Naso charged with killing at least four sex workers, is coming to trial soon and we intend to be there.

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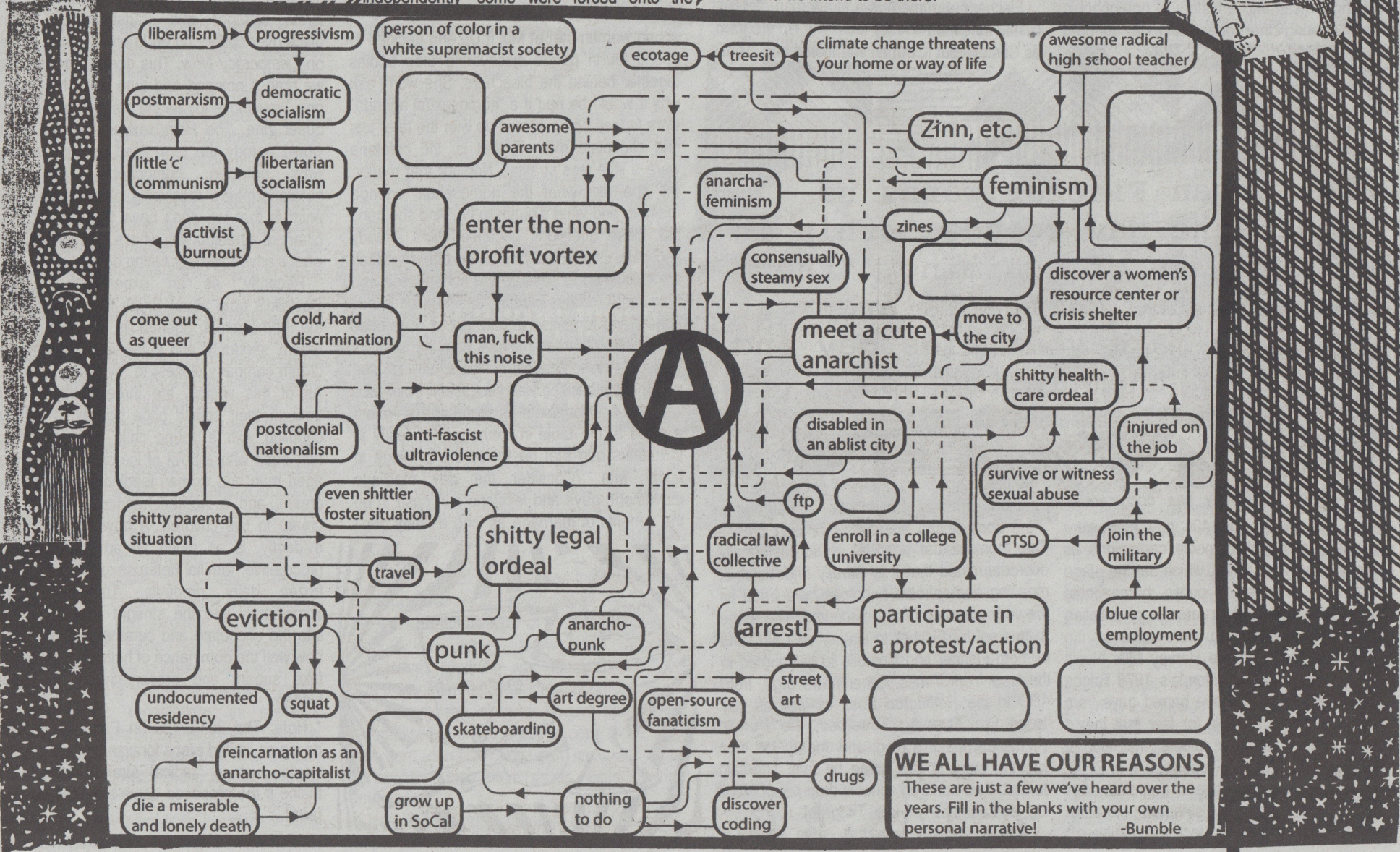
For more information, visit US PROS's website at www.uspros.net, contact us at uspros@prostitutescollective.net.



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on "The Gay Agenda" by Joey

HOW THE CORPORATE MEDIA FAILS QUEERS

As a freelance broadcast technician, some days I have to get up at 3AM to run camera, lights, and sound for corporate news shows like Good Morning America, The Early Show, and Meet the Press. The combination of sleep deprivation and old white guys yakking routinely tests my ability to stay awake and attentive. In order to pass the time, I sometimes try to focus less on the news, and more on the construction of the news and its discourses, lending equal attention to form and content. The producers know that people will be watching through pre-coffee morning haze—these shows are called "Breakfast Television," after all. So, what is being communicated underneath and between the script, so subtle it won't distract from your toast, but so prevalent it structures the very way watch you watch? (What lends the anchor their authority as a speaker? Who's wearing makeup, and how much? Who's speaking on behalf of whom? What's being sold?) These wonderings give me something to think about as I push the volume sliders up and down.

Fortunately, most weekdays I go to my other job (at a slightly more humane hour), where I talk to high schoolers about safer sex, birth control, sexuality, healthy relationships, and consent. My two jobs can seem worlds apart: one involves telecommunication, scripts, and advertising; the other, face-to-face interaction, empathy, and moments of sheer vulnerability. And yet, my students' experiences (filtered through a background in radical sex and queer theory) challenge me to think about where and how media, school, and sex intersect, and what these intersections reveal about each.

On October 3rd of this past year, the American Family Association (AFA) published a press release "exposing" the Mix It Up at Lunch program, which once a year brings together students of different socioeconomic

Historically, few politicians have made the link as explicit as Senator Jesse Helms, who in 1989 sponsored an amendment to refuse federal funding to any organization "promot[ing]... or produc[ing] images of... homo-eroticism, [and] the sexual exploitation of children." So it is not a stretch to say that when Bryan Fischer warns us about "the gay agenda," this is a PG-13 way of claiming, "the homos in the cafeteria are going to make your kids gay and then fuck them in the ass."

See Dick
run!
See Dick
and Jane
inhabit
heterotopia!

Of course, CNN's anchor didn't call Fischer out on what, exactly, he was insinuating with his talk of, "the acceptance of homosexuality into public schools." (And to her credit, she eventually just cut him off.) Instead, here's how the story played itself out: The center-left media took Fischer's bait, accusing the AFA of a category mistake. Maureen Costello, Director of the lunch program, countered: "Teaching Tolerance and 'Mix it Up' day have nothing to

anything remotely queer. No one questions whether the school cafeteria is really the asexual space that American liberalism insists it must be and pretends it already is. Within this premise, Fischer presents a nightmare that school could become a space for "alternative sexual behavior"; that if sex and school collide, students may question the narrative they've been fed about waiting until marriage, monogamy, procreation, and privacy as the bedrock of personhood. So the "homosexual agenda" is a trope for the threat not only to children's sexual integrity (the physical integrity of their virginal hymens and assholes), but also the moral integrity that hinges on how, where, and whom they fuck. Costello's assertion that "Mix It Up has nothing to do with [any] sexuality" is her ground for legitimacy because public youth sexuality is so haunted by the twin specters of pedophilia and gay recruitment that it is an all-or-nothing affair. Either there is no sexuality in the cafeteria, or the cafeteria is full of sweaty, queer bodies indoctrinating and fucking everywhere you look. Once the public debate has been set up this way, Costello has only one option—no sex. Such is the power of the trope of the "homosexual agenda."

But this is exactly the point and the moment for critical intervention: the school cafeteria, like all non-explicitly-queer spaces (e.g., the rest of the school), is a sexual space—a heterosexual space. From the cutesy drawings of straight families on the mini milk cartons, to the narratives in history textbooks (which at best minoritize "gay rights" to a post-war footnote), to the gender-segregated bathrooms, to the posters for candidates for prom king and queen, to the abstinence-only or "family planning"-focused sex ed curriculum, to the school-sanctioned violence visited on queer and trans students, the cafeteria perpetuates the heterosexual indoctrination

question the couple form, monogamy, and private property.) Tolerance says, "the queers in the corner deserve to eat lunch in peace *like everybody else*." But it says nothing about why it might be awesome to be young and queer, much less what their straight peers, teachers, and parents could learn from them—if only they'd let themselves be "indoctrinated."



Of course, we shouldn't expect the mainstream press to ask students to question their sexuality. When stuff like this happens, the media producers' goal is to win the debate on the terms in which it was found and score some rhetorical points (and ratings). It will poke holes in the sham arguments put forth and proclaim a job well-done. The homophobic fire will be temporarily extinguished, and mass attention will soon drift to the next news cycle. But that's not to say we can't learn from the mainstream press. Our suspicion that something is gravely lacking from the discussion can incite us to examine what's not being asked, like how heterosexuality is at once ubiquitous and obscured at school. Further, the rabid focus on the "homosexual agenda" calls us to question the homophobia that frames the discourse. When's the last time you heard a queer person non-ironically refer to the "homosexual agenda"? Never, which

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The AFA's contention, broadcast by its leader, Bryan Fischer, in an interview on CNN, was that Mix it Up is "designed... to establish the acceptance of homosexuality into public schools... and push its gay agenda."

There's a lot being invoked in that soundbite, and it's worth unpacking. When Bryan Fischer mentions "the acceptance of homosexuality into public schools," he's inserting himself into a history of homophobic fear-mongering that goes back a hundred years.

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In other words, what Costello won't ask is why it would be so fucking bad if two (or more) young women met at Mix It Up and decided to spend fourth period discovering their bodies together behind the bleachers. She won't ask why it would be bad if a "homosexual agenda" were indeed being served up with the tater tots and chocolate milk—if, that is, the cafeteria were a little less straight. Nor, for that matter, will she ask what the homosexual agenda really is, and what it ought to be. And she can't ask these questions because she's already accepted Fischer's terms of the debate, which are calculated to obscure the construction and



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What I'm suggesting, then, is that we may be able to harness—in an interesting, potent way—the revulsion to corporate media that so many of us share. We can queer the media. These moments are opportunities to break the he-said, she-said confines of debate in order to question, reappropriate, and reinvent the terms—whether this transformation takes place over coffee, on an Internet forum, or live on *Democracy Now*. This doesn't require that we grab a notepad and tune into CNN. (I, for one, would love to see the creation of a radical queer zine, *The Homosexual Agenda*, which would parody the term itself, offering a third way between homophobia and the heteronormative fetishizing of marriage.) The point is that we don't have to be stuck in a binary of agreeing with what's said (and buying what's advertised), or tuning out.

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George Chauncey has documented how in the 1930s and 40s gay men were characterized in public media campaigns as sexually abusing children, which set the stage for a long lineage of public homophobia justified in the unspoken interest of creating straight kids. Folks who were alive in the 1970s (or have seen the Harvey Milk biopic *Milk*) may remember California's 1978 Briggs Initiative, which would have barred gays from teaching in public schools for fear that they'd make the students gay; others may find it helpful to think back to Proposition 8 in 2008, which banned gay marriage in California after supporters notoriously distributed literature featuring the slogan "Protect the Children!"

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the bait. Fischer and the AFA get to unilaterally set the terms of the debate: to claim where "the homosexual agenda" is or isn't present. The "homosexual agenda" is so historically overdetermined that it is *literally undebatable*, meaning *homophobia becomes hard-wired as the very currency of the discourse*. The stage is thus set for Fischer to blather on CNN, and for both Fischer and Costello to get quoted in the New York Times. Other news orgs, from ABC to the *Huffington Post*, as well as gay blogs like *Queerty*, *Toweroad*, the Human Rights Campaign's blog, and *JoeMyGod* then run the story in this same he-said, she-said format. Two hundred schools drop out of Mix It Up, and another 180 join. Tit for tat.

What's missing from the entire scuffle is

heterosexuality is "the one thing celebrated in every film plot, every sitcom, every advertisement. It is the one thing to which every politician pays obeisance, couching every dispute over guns and butter as an effort to protect family, children, and home." By pretending that the cafeteria isn't already rife with straight sexuality, Costello et al. miss the opportunity to discuss whether it should be and what form it should take.

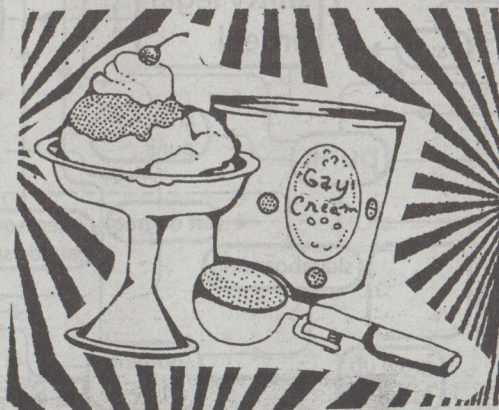
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words aren't said. More to the point, when the last time you heard *anyone* talk about the "straight agenda?" Rarely,* which means there's a lot of room for us as queers to represent ourselves on our terms.

What I'm suggesting, then, is that we may be able to harness—in an interesting, potent way—the revulsion to corporate media that so many of us share. We can queer the media. These moments are opportunities to break the he-said, she-said confines of debate in order to question, reappropriate, and reinvent the terms—whether this transformation takes place over coffee, on an Internet forum, or live on *Democracy Now*. This doesn't require that we grab a notepad and tune into CNN. (I, for one, would love to see the creation of a radical queer zine, *The Homosexual Agenda*, which would parody the term itself, offering a third way between homophobia and the heteronormative fetishizing of marriage.) The point is that we don't have to be stuck in a binary of agreeing with what's said (and buying what's advertised), or tuning out.

Recently, as an experiment, I took Costello's quip about Bryan Fischer "see[ing] the homosexual agenda in a bowl of ice cream" seriously, and to the website of the ice cream company closest to my house, Dryer's. As of this writing, the three images rotate through their splash page portray: a woman cuddling with a young child who resembles her, each with a bowl of ice cream; a middle-aged man and woman feeding each other ice cream; and a woman handing bowls of ice cream to two children. A bowl of ice cream, evidently, is as much an advertisement for procreative, familial heterosexuality as it is for frozen dairy products. That we don't immediately see the straight agenda swirled into the chocolate and caramel indicates only how well the dominance of heterosexuality, like fake sugars and preservatives, has been hidden.

* Note: The 2012 Yes on Prop 1 campaign deserves limited props for warning that schools would push a "radical straight agenda" in Maine if the proposed same-sex marriage law failed.



PROBLEMATIC ways of dealing with PROBLEMATIC behavior

By Akki MacKay

I think understandably, there is a lot of negativity in the radical movement. The atrocities that the system produces are on display everyday, and to varying degrees all of us have directly felt the effects of this white supremacist, heteropatriarchal, settler colonial, capitalist, ableist, sizeist, ageist society. There is so much worth fighting against, but what I have seen myself and others do too often, is take the aggressive mentality essential in challenging structural systems of oppression, and apply it to interpersonal relationships, where it is really not effective. I have seen and heard the tales of "fucked up", privileged, ignorant behavior, to panels or presentations without the strongest analysis of power and privilege. But what I have not seen enough of are responses that recognize that mistakes are inevitable, and that help people move forward so that they will be less likely repeat those same mistakes.

Now being an extremely privileged person, there have been few times in my life that people's language and behavior has felt personally oppressive (that they are oppressing *me*), and I am not here to tell anyone how to react when one's own identity/body is marginalized, silenced, or attacked- it is not the responsibility of the oppressed to educate the oppressors. What I want to address is how those of us who share in a particular form of privilege could engage with one another when problematic behavior comes up, for example how I (a white person) could react when a white friend is considering wearing an Indian headdress for Halloween.

My most common reaction is silence, accompanied by judgment, which I then vent to others at a later point in time. This is common behavior for me at public discussions, or

when I do challenge people on problematic ways of thinking it seems to inevitably come out with a "look at how much more I know about anti-oppression politics than you do" kind of vibe. I also hear phrases such as "that was fucked up!" and "check your privilege" tossed around a fair bit. None of these strategies create meaningful dialogue, or help anyone move towards safer space and stronger movements. It is so important to realize that no one has the perfect analysis,



most of us have privileges in some areas, and that we are all in the process of learning.

The ethic in these situations feels ironically similar to the (il)logic of the prison industrial complex, which so many are trying to dismantle: if I punish someone, they will learn from their mistakes. If I expose someone, the shame of their transgression will keep them

seriously comparing the effects of being locked in a cage to getting a few harsh words from a comrade, but what I'm getting at is that a culture of fear does not breed change. If I start a conversation in attack mode, the natural response is probably going to be defense mode, which is usually not the best mind set in which to be taking critique and making reflection. If folks coming into my circle are always afraid of saying something "fucked up" and then don't say anything, they will most likely never get a chance to properly deconstruct the thought process that brought about the thought in the first place, and perhaps continue to think in problematic ways, hindering the work they are doing, and undermining the potential of a collective movement that benefits everyone.

What I strive for myself, and what I want from my community is a transformative justice approach to dealing with friends who act in ways we don't agree with. Why don't I approach people and say "I don't know all the answers here, but what you said felt pretty weird, can we talk about it?" or "I used to think the same way, so I totally see where you're coming from, but I think that way of thinking is problematic because..." Each person has been influenced by different contexts, and we were all exposed to radical ideas with the help of others, so expecting perfection from our comrades (or ourselves for that matter) is guaranteeing a stagnant, static movement, exiled to the sidelines of power.

The Revolution Starts at Home is a fantastic zine on the very serious issue of partner abuse within radical circles, looking at strategies to truly support survivors, while holding perpetrators accountable, which often requires a support system for the perpetrator as well. Considering the use of maintaining the

the most horrific of situations, with the goal being to create strategies for the perpetrator to actually change their behavior, there is absolutely no reason we cannot do the same under much lower stakes.

I do want to mention however, that as stories from *The Revolution Starts at Home* show, it can be extremely difficult or impossible to keep people accountable. There will be those friends who it will take many conversations to change, or will always dismiss critique from others. We have to be strategic about who we are trying to grow with, and where we put our time and physical/emotional energy.

A culture of collective education, respect and love is what revolutionary movements need, not out of liberal ideologies that the world would be a better place if we all just loved each other more, but out of the idea that these things are an integral part of becoming stronger together, and to creating radical change.

A couple brief endnotes:

1. Hand in hand with people being more strategic in their commentary, is the need for people to be open to receive commentary. Someone bringing up your mistakes does not make you a mistake. Take time to reflect on people's comments, and try not to take it personally. In that spirit, if you have comments on this article, things you liked, completely hated, send them my way! akki.mackay@gmail.com
2. Thanks to folks from Catalyst Project for giving me pretty good real life versions of these practices, and supplying me with interesting

ignorant behavior, to panels or presentations without the strongest analysis of power and privilege. But what I have not seen enough of are responses that recognize that mistakes are inevitable, and that help people move forward so that they will be less likely repeat those same mistakes.

Now being an extremely privileged person, there have been few times in my life that people's language and behavior has felt personally oppressive (that they are oppressing *me*), and I am not here to tell anyone how to react when one's own identity/body is marginalized, silenced, or attacked- it is not the responsibility of the oppressed to educate the oppressors. What I want to address is how those of us who share in a particular form of privilege could engage with one another when problematic behavior comes up, for example how I (a white person) could react when a white friend is considering wearing an Indian headdress for Halloween.

My most common reaction is silence, accompanied by judgment, which I then vent to others at a later point in time. This is common behavior for me at public discussions, or during the question period after panels. And



most of us have privileges in some areas, and that we are all in the process of learning.

The ethic in these situations feels ironically similar to the (il)logic of the prison industrial complex, which so many are trying to dismantle: if I punish someone, they will learn from their mistakes. If I expose someone, the shame of their transgression will keep them from repeating their actions. Of course I'm not

hindering the work they are doing, and undermining the potential of a collective movement that benefits everyone.

What I strive for myself, and what I want from my community is a transformative justice approach to dealing with friends who act in ways we don't agree with. Why don't I approach people and say "I don't know all the answers here, but what you said felt pretty weird, can we talk about it?" or "I used to think the same way, so I totally see where you're coming from, but I think that way of thinking is problematic because..." Each person has been influenced by different contexts, and we were all exposed to radical ideas with the help of others, so expecting perfection from our comrades (or ourselves for that matter) is guaranteeing a stagnant, static movement, exiled to the sidelines of power.

The Revolution Starts at Home is a fantastic zine on the very serious issue of partner abuse within radical circles, looking at strategies to truly support survivors, while holding perpetrators accountable, which often requires a support system for the perpetrator as well. Considering the use of maintaining the humanity of all members involved in some of

A culture of collective education, respect and love is what revolutionary movements need, not out of liberal ideologies that the world would be a better place if we all just loved each other more, but out of the idea that these things are an integral part of becoming stronger together, and to creating radical change.

A couple brief endnotes:

1. Hand in hand with people being more strategic in their commentary, is the need for people to be open to receive commentary. Someone bringing up your mistakes does not make you a mistake. Take time to reflect on people's comments, and try not to take it personally. In that spirit, if you have comments on this article, things you liked, completely hated, send them my way! akki.mackay@gmail.com
2. Thanks to folks from Catalyst Project for giving me pretty good real life versions of these practices, and supplying me with interesting literature which influenced this piece, such as Tema Okun's *White Supremacy Culture*. And thanks to the person who first exposed me to radical ideas, for the most part with impressive patience.

Zombie Dialectics

by Lew

Zombies are on the move! There are even fast ones now... in 2009, Time magazine declared zombies "The Official Monster of the Recession."

Zombies are quite odd, a dialectical unity of opposites...

On the one hand there is the zombie as the ultimate alienated laborer-- in Haitian lore, zombies are the living dead, working sugarcane fields by night-- devoid of all feeling and

The Lamb

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life & bid thee feed,
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, wooly, bright;

Well, it's hellia namby-pamby by itself, but here's The Tyger

It's Co-evolution—predator and prey arise together. So as two sides of the same coin they are, in a sense, identical.

What do you get when you cross a lamb and a tyger? If I'm not mistaken, a lion and a tiger really can have offspring, so I won't go with "Lyger." I'll go with:

The carnivorous-lamb
Isn't he cute?
The cannibal lamb
Ain't he cuddly?
Wake up, Sheeple!
Zombies are either a flock of sheep
Or a pack of wolves...

Does a zombie have anything left to lose? A pretty picture: each member of the zombie-bloc, when they put on the peeling flesh and open-sores of their costume, has also put on the head-space of "I'm already dead." Now they stumble towards the police lines, chanting:



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Coming across even one would make a person's hair stand on end, and it would have a machete... but it would just keep working. Really to be feared would be its "employer," the Haitian-American sugar company... (see "the Magic Island" by William Seabrook 1929).

On the other hand, there's the zombie as implacable consumer.

George Romero with his 1968 film *Night of the Living Dead* originally thought of his creatures as ghouls... in a later film he has them attack a shopping mall... crazed consumers indeed...

The poet William Blake sums up his dialectical Method as: "without contraries is no progression."

For every song of innocence (say, *The Lamb*) Blake will have a song of experience (*The Tyger*).

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The Tyger

Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

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The zombie walks must continue, for they have revolutionary potential. I think a hoard of zombies appeared in Oakland at a First Friday Art Murmur, shambling forth in defense of libraries. Also, zombies have interrupted anti-abortion rights rallies. These are a good start, but there is more awesome power to be unlocked!

At a costume party or masquerade ball, people are often able to access underused aspects of themselves, taking on the persona of the mask... Save your Guy Fawkes visages, occupiers...In the film *Fight Club*, members receive the homework assignment of going out and picking a fight, and losing! A lesson in the incredible power of not giving a flying fuck!

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WHAT DO WE WANT?
BRAINS!
WHEN DO WE WANT IT?
BRAINS!

Keeping Carbon

Indigenous Sovereigntist camp blocks proposed pipeline co

By the Unist'ot'en Camp Collective

As the winter snow descends on the North creating a pristine canopy of green and white, resistance remains strong and active at the Unist'ot'en Camp. Here, 66kms south of the colonial town of Houston, British Columbia, a solid core of indigenous community members and allies are forming a resistance community to protect unceded Wet'suwet'en territory. These ancestral lands are being threatened by several multi-billion dollar pipeline projects. These proposed pipelines represent the efforts of government and industry to construct a giant 'energy corridor' to connect Tar Sands and shale gas extraction projects with ports in Kitimat and Prince Rupert on BC's west coast. The aptly renamed *Carbon Corridor* intends to

of practices that the Wet'suwet'en had to ensure the abundance of the land, practices that today are known as permaculture. More and more I am becoming aware of the wisdom that allowed the Unist'ot'en to live in harmony with the land, in a way that did not degrade the land base and did not rely on exploitation. That way of life, as well as the land itself, is what the Unist'ot'en Camp is here to defend," states Crow.

The Grassroots Wet'suwet'en

The Wet'suwet'en are composed of five clans: Unist'ot'en, Likhts'amisyu, Gitimit'en, Lakh'silyu, and Tsayu. The Unist'ot'en (or C'ihlts'ehkhyu, Big Frog Clan) are the original Wet'suwet'en distinct to the lands of the Wet'suwet'en. Over time in Wet'suwet'en

part of industry and government's conceptual "Energy Corridor." Several shale gas pipelines are also proposed to run from Summit Lake and the Horn River and Liard Basins, fracking fields in northeastern BC's Montney Shale Formation. The intended destinations of these pipelines are LNG processing terminals in Kitimat and Prince Rupert.

The first and most immediate threat to Wet'suwet'en territory is the Pacific Trails Pipeline (PTP), which intends to transport shale gas through a 42 inch diameter bidirectional pipeline. The project including the pipeline and processing terminal on the coast

approaches in our strong stance against poisoning waters for money and greed," declares Freda Huson, spokesperson for the Unist'ot'en. "We stand beside communities in all directions taking action to stop the pipelines that exist,.... or proposed pipeline projects awaiting approvals."

Resisting the Carbon Corridor

The Grassroots Wet'suwet'en have already twice acted to protect their territory from



A version of this article also appeared in the Earth First Journal!

contractors working for the Pacific Trails Pipeline (PTP) project. In November of 2011, they confronted, and escorted out, PTP field workers attempting to carry out directional drilling.

Just over a year later, On November 20th, a crew of surveyors was intercepted at the cabin site entering Unis'tot'en territory. In the absence of Freda Huson, Toghestiy, hereditary chief of the Likhts' amisyu clan invoked *biKyi' waat'en*, the right of the husband, in telling the

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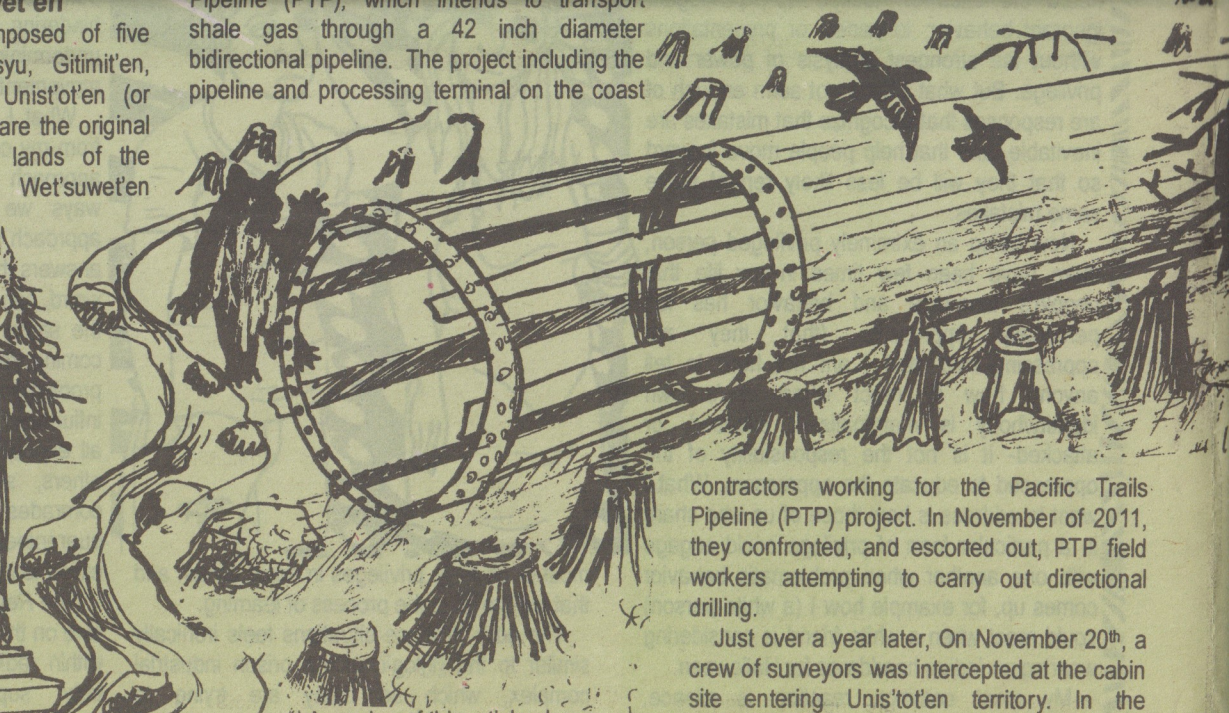


blaze a right-of-way as much as three kilometres wide through hundreds of kilometres of wilderness, farmland, and traditional indigenous territory. The Unist'ot'en and their allies have determined to never allow this to happen.

In 2010 the Unist'ot'en clan decided to clear a site and begin building a cabin on their traditional territory of Talbits Kwa. The cabin is located on the west bank of Wedzin Kwa (colonially known as the Morice River), directly on the path of the proposed Enbridge Northern Gateway and Pacific Trails Pipelines (PTP). In the summer of 2012, construction on the cabin was completed just in time for the Grassroots Wet'suwet'en to host their third annual environmental action camp. The camp convergence was attended by over 200 supporters from across Turtle Island, and a crystallization of long term solidarity took place

History, the other clans developed and were included throughout Wet'suwet'en territories. The Unist'ot'en were the strongest and most resilient clan as they dominated vast regions of Wet'suwet'en territory, and were known to adapt and thrive in very treacherous terrain. To this day, Wet'suwet'en territory remains uncaded. They are not and never have been under treaty with the colonial government, and they maintain complete sovereignty over their lands which are not under the dominion of the Canadian state.

In order to assert their traditional sovereignty over the territory, the Grassroots Wet'suwet'en have broken away from the Office of the Wet'suwet'en (OW), an institution that was created as part of the treaty process with the Canadian government. Despite the presumptuous title, however, the Office of the Wet'suwet'en is not the representative of the Wet'suwet'en people, it is an illegitimate colonial proxy institution that remained after all



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called Kitimat LNG (KLNG) was shared by EOG Resources, Encana Corp., and majority owner Apache corp. of Houston, Texas. PTP is the intended trailblazer of the prospective 'energy corridor,' and plans to stretch 463km from BC's fracking fields, all the way to the Douglas Channel on the west coast.

Then, on Christmas eve, the KLNG/PTP project sent the Unist'ot'en resistance an interesting present. In a surprise move EOG and Encana sold their shares in the project to Chevron Canada, a subsidiary of Chevron Corporation, which will now move into a 50% ownership position along with Apache for the continuation of the project. This consisted of a big shift in the complexion of the project considering the small-player-status of EOG and Encana, vs. Chevron as the second biggest oil company in the U.S.

Coastal GasLink is another prospective shale gas pipeline and LNG terminal project proposal. The pipeline would initially carry 1.7 billion cubic feet of natural gas per day from the Montney formation over 700 kilometres from Groundbirch, near Dawson Creek, also to Kitimat, on the west coast. The project is owned by a consortium of Companies called LNG Canada led by Shell Canada Limited

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After they were turned back, a crew from Unist'ot'en camp snowmobiled some 20 kms to retrieve materials left behind by the work crew. The materials were confiscated and brought back to camp where they are being held until Apache and PTP agree to open up appropriate lines of communication with the Unist'ot'en. An active blockade of the territory started and a letter was delivered asserting the sovereignty of Wet'suwet'en territory and denying of consent to the pipeline project, stating that "any further unauthorized incursion into traditional Wet'suwet'en territory will be considered an act of colonialism, and an act of aggression towards our sovereignty."

On December 6th, PTP under the cover of FNLP (First Nations Limited Partnership) held a town-hall meeting informational session at the Moricetown Band Office in an attempt to entice the community with the promise of economic benefits. The grassroots Wet'suwet'en quickly mobilized and stormed the meeting with banners, drums, and a



blaze a right-of-way as much as three kilometres wide through hundreds of kilometres of wilderness, farmland, and traditional indigenous territory. The Unist'ot'en and their allies have determined to never allow this to happen.

In 2010 the Unist'ot'en clan decided to clear a site and begin building a cabin on their traditional territory of Talbits Kwa. The cabin is located on the west bank of Wedzin Kwa (colonially known as the Morice River), directly on the path of the proposed Enbridge Northern Gateway and Pacific Trails Pipelines (PTP). In the summer of 2012, construction on the cabin was completed just in time for the Grassroots Wet'suwet'en to host their third annual environmental action camp. The camp convergence was attended by over 200 supporters from across Turtle Island, and a crystallization of long-term solidarity took place as the grassroots Wet'suwet'en called for a shift from passive support to the forming of a concrete, committed network of allies.

During camp and the following months, many new structures were created including additional outhouses, a smokehouse, a sauna, a root-cellar, and a major expansion of the main cabin itself. Then, to defend against the probability of industry attempting to re-enter the territory, members of the Unist'ot'en and Likhts'amisyu clans made the important decision to permanently occupy the camp following the August convergence. The family did this to make a permanent home, and to allow for 100% monitoring of territory.

Crow, a permanent supporter at camp, reflects on the late summer and fall berry-picking season, and on the ecological stewardship of the territory practiced by the Wet'suwet'en. "When I arrived at camp in early September, I was amazed by the vastness of the berry patches. I had never seen such a wealth of berries in one place. Later I learned

History, the other clans developed and were included throughout Wet'suwet'en territories. The Unist'ot'en were the strongest and most resilient clan as they dominated vast regions of Wet'suwet'en territory, and were known to adapt and thrive in very treacherous terrain. To this day, Wet'suwet'en territory remains unceded. They are not and never have been under treaty with the colonial government, and they maintain complete sovereignty over their lands which are not under the dominion of the Canadian state.

In order to assert their traditional sovereignty over the territory, the Grassroots Wet'suwet'en have broken away from the Office of the Wet'suwet'en (OW), an institution that was created as part of the treaty process with the Canadian government. Despite the presumptuous title, however, the Office of the Wet'suwet'en is not the representative of the Wet'suwet'en people, it is an illegitimate colonial proxy-institution that remained after all five clans of the Wet'suwet'en opted out of the treaty process in 2008. Today the Office of the Wet'suwet'en remains as a hub for corrupt community members to sign up-front deals with industry, which normally come with cash incentives. Most recently, OW has signed confidentiality and communications agreements with PTP and are trying to reignite the defeated treaty process with the government.

In the present day, the more traditionalist and grassroots elements of the Wet'suwet'en have designated themselves the Grassroots Wet'suwet'en to identify as separate from certain corrupted and co-opted segments of their nation. Asserting themselves as Grassroots Wet'suwet'en they do not operate from a boardroom, they walk and breathe their laws with a powerful and unbreakable marriage to the land.

The Pipelines

Several companies have proposed projects intending to cross Wet'suwet'en territory as

owner Apache corp. of Houston, Texas. PTP is the intended trailblazer of the prospective 'energy corridor,' and plans to stretch 463km from BC's fracking fields, all the way to the Douglas Channel on the west coast.

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The LNG Canada project has been estimated to be in the \$12 billion range, while the Coastal GasLink Pipeline is estimated at \$4 billion, and according to BC Energy Minister Rich Coleman is slated as "one of the largest, if not the largest, investments ever in B.C." The pipeline dimensions are projected at 48" (1.2 meters), six inches larger in diameter than PTP. In short, everything about this pipeline is big.

But the Grassroots Wet'suwet'en have no intention of allowing any of the pipelines to happen. "The Unist'ot'en with Grassroots Wet'suwet'en will stop all pipelines by any means necessary. In solidarity with nations also opposing pipelines in their territories, we do not take any "Not In My Back Yard"

territory, and issued an eagle feather to the crew. In Wet'suwet'en law, an eagle feather indicates a first and only warning of trespass.

After they were turned back, a crew from Unist'ot'en camp snowmobiled some 20 kms to retrieve materials left behind by the work crew. The materials were confiscated and brought back to camp where they are being held until Apache and PTP agree to open up appropriate lines of communication with the Unist'ot'en. An active blockade of the territory started and a letter was delivered asserting the sovereignty of Wet'suwet'en territory and denying of consent to the pipeline project, stating that "any further unauthorized incursion into traditional Wet'suwet'en territory will be considered an act of colonialism, and an act of aggression towards our sovereignty."

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Developing a Grassroots Network

The support from allies across the country during the November 27th day of action, *Raising Resistance*, proved that grassroots networks working together can equal or surpass the efforts of large NGO coalitions. Having money but often lacking base support, the NGO model has shown itself capable of mobilizing, and often wasting, large amounts of resources towards sensationalist one-off actions, and incapable, or uninterested, of developing meaningful relationships with communities. That is why the Unist'ot'en and Grassroots Wet'suwet'en in 2011 made the decision to turn from unhealthy, non-reciprocal

in The Ground

corridor slated to move tar sands and shale gas to Asia

NGO partnerships, and to go the grassroots direction instead looking to long-term sustained relationships for the future. In this context of looking to genuine, long-term community building, collectivist and mutual aid principles brought forward by Anarchist allies at camp have meshed well with communal indigenous practices.

Now is a crucial time to develop that

wishing to enter the territory, must introduce themselves and answer questions before being granted permission to enter. This is a living assertion of traditional Wet'suwet'en law asserted via protocols such as this one for thousands of years. The Wet'suwet'en also had to present themselves as such when travelling to neighbouring peoples' lands to

conduct trade, build and maintain relationships, assist allies in battle, and attend feasts and ceremonies.

In the contemporary context, the Free Prior and Informed Consent protocol is part of an ongoing process of decolonization and harmonization. It serves as a re-actualization of natural law and a manifestation of mutual freedom and respect in moving across land and territories without state borders. It also presents an opportunity to implement a new standard of autonomy within indigenous territories, re-establishing spaces free of the existence of the state. One of the greatest necessities in addressing the global ecological crisis is the imperative to localize our economies, and this also requires us to localize our communities. As such, this new emancipatory process that the grassroots Wet'suwet'en have adopted offers an opportunity not only for political and cultural decolonization, but for the creation of healthy, local, and sustainable communities. The

Likhts'amisyu Chief Toghestiy speaks of harmonization as moving beyond decolonization. Having shed the social and cultural damage of the past, harmonization points toward creating a natural balance between human and the wild, and to understanding and coming into harmony with the interconnectivity of everything in the ecosystem. In other words, harmonization is the pursuit of an eco-spiritual balance. Toghestiy speaks of liberating our thoughts in order to cast aside the idea that there are superior and opposing forces. Fighting against something feeds energy to it, and so harmonization seeks to move beyond the idea and the omnipresence of capitalism and colonialism, and to live spiritually, socially, and culturally in a world that is ours, on our own terms.

Starhawk speaks of "embodying the alternative," and Eduardo Galeano writes about finding answers to the future in the traditions of the past. That is what we are doing here. We

are not just fighting to overcome the affliction of industrial consumerism, but for a way of life that is ancient and perfect. What is now unfolding on the west bank of Wedzin Kwa is not simply resistance to a pipeline and the defense of a territory, but the building and rebuilding of a radical alternative and traditional living. That is why such a strong emphasis at camp has been placed on community building and empowerment, so that organizing and resistance can be integrated into the spaces of everyday life. This is prefigurative organizing that confronts an injustice by counteracting it with an alternative. The resistance community, therefore, is the illustration that building and creating is the most comprehensive form of resistance, that there is no separation between life, and the defense of life.

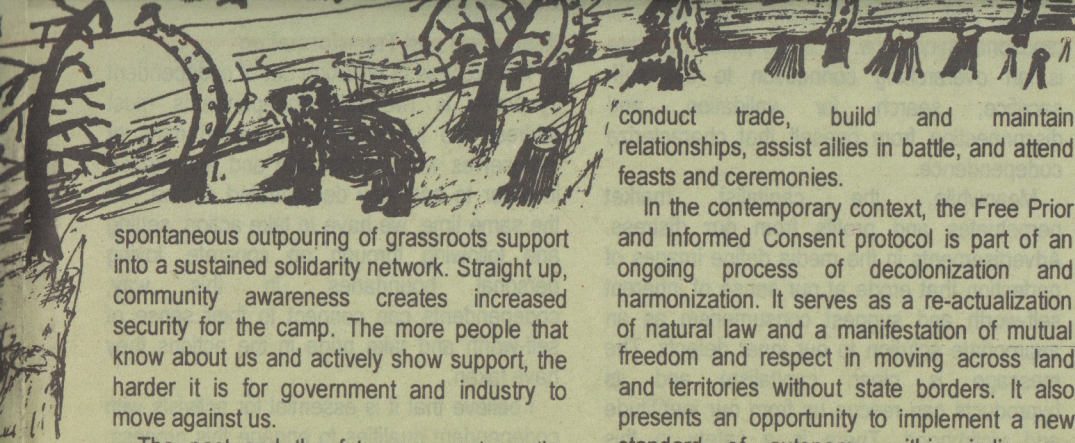
It is time to start creating communities that are both able to sustain themselves on their own terms, and able to maintain their autonomy from the ever-present threats of industry and state. Clearly it is a tall order to start a community from the ground up, and for that reason we encourage the forging of strong alliances with communities already on the ground, and new ones to come. The Unist'ot'en Camp anticipates total victory in its fight against the carbon corridor and the hope is that the success of this community can serve as an inspiration and as a demonstration of the possibilities born of strategic occupation. We expect victory to come with sacrifice and this success to come with our ability to mobilize and build relationships with the people, groups, and communities around us.

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The past and the future connect on the territory in a very important way. Hereditary chief Toghestiy explains how "the Grassroots peoples have a great potential to reverse impacts of colonization and eradicate the resultant social and spiritual poverty by continuing to show the next generations to walk with their laws. The Grassroots peoples of the Wet'suwet'en are healers, warriors, elders, hunters, fisherpeople, knowledge keepers, and are culturally driven."

The camp and growing community at Talbits





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The camp and growing community at Talbits Kwa is an effort to get back to the land, and to reassert traditional practices. One of those practices is the Free Prior and Informed Consent Protocol where all visitors upon arrival

conduct trade, build and maintain relationships, assist allies in battle, and attend feasts and ceremonies.

In the contemporary context, the Free Prior and Informed Consent protocol is part of an ongoing process of decolonization and harmonization. It serves as a re-actualization of natural law and a manifestation of mutual freedom and respect in moving across land and territories without state borders. It also presents an opportunity to implement a new standard of autonomy within indigenous territories, re-establishing spaces free of the existence of the state. One of the greatest necessities in addressing the global ecological crisis is the imperative to localize our economies, and this also requires us to localize our communities. As such, this new emancipatory process that the grassroots Wet'suwet'en have adopted offers an opportunity not only for political and cultural decolonization, but for the creation of healthy, local, and sustainable communities. The collective aspect of their strategy is that they are not claiming ownership over the grassroots FPIC protocol, but actively encouraging other clans, nations, and territories to do so as well.

order to cast aside the idea that there are superior and opposing forces. Fighting against something feeds energy to it, and so harmonization seeks to move beyond the idea and the omnipresence of capitalism and colonialism, and to live spiritually, socially, and culturally in a world that is ours, on our own terms.

Starhawk speaks of "embodying the alternative," and Eduardo Galeano writes about finding answers to the future in the traditions of the past. That is what we are doing here. We

organizing and resistance can be integrated into the spaces of everyday life. This is prefigurative organizing that confronts an injustice by counteracting it with an alternative. The resistance community, therefore, is the illustration that building and creating is the most comprehensive form of resistance, that there is no separation between life, and the defense of life.

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Let us unite and harmonize by always putting the earth first!

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STOP THAT TRAIN

Continued from Page 1

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The Bellingham 12 are a group of activists facing legal charges for blocking train tracks to bring attention to the Coal Train as part of Occupy's West Coast day of action on Dec. 12, 2011. "The Bellingham 12 are working hard to fight our charges in court on the basis of the necessity defense to prevent a greater evil", explained Andy Ingram, one of the twelve

Larry Hildes is an attorney with the National Lawyers Guild in Bellingham who is representing the Bellingham 12. He has also represented front-line coal activists in Montana and Tennessee. "Coal is an evil any place where it's produced, it has caused suffering... It is the mining, transportation and burning of coal that is the single easiest attackable major

and Oregon, Australia, in China — all of the places where coal is inflicting human and environmental destruction, people are fighting it and are fighting it hard."

There has also been resistance from the Native Tribal communities, a strong political

force in the Pacific Northwest. "We have to say 'no' to the coal terminal project," said Cliff Cultee, Chairman of the Lummi Nation. "It is our Xw' xalh Xechnging (sacred duty) to preserve and protect all of Xwe'chi'eXen (Cherry Point)." Cherry Point is the location of



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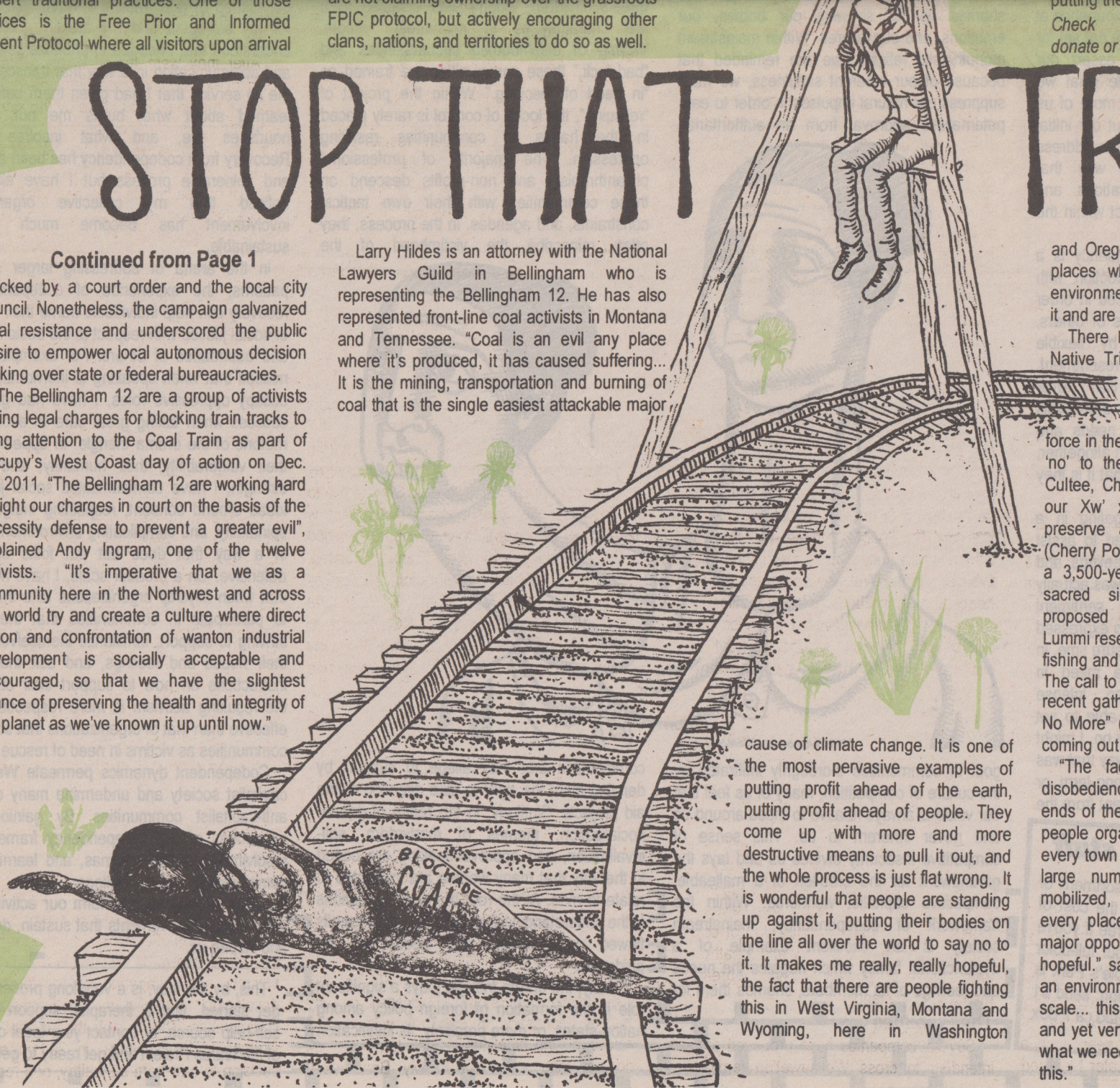
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"The fact that people have done civil disobedience on both sides of the border, both ends of the supply line is fabulous. There are people organizing to stop this everywhere. In every town along the route there are people in large numbers organizing. ... Helena is mobilized, Bozeman is mobilized, Spokane, every place all along the rail route there is major opposition to this thing, it is enormously hopeful," says Larry Hildes. "I've never seen an environmental movement like this, on this scale... this one is very large, and very broad and yet very radical. That's fantastic. Which is what we need, that is how we are going to stop this."

cause of climate change. It is one of the most pervasive examples of putting profit ahead of the earth, putting profit ahead of people. They come up with more and more destructive means to pull it out, and the whole process is just flat wrong. It is wonderful that people are standing up against it, putting their bodies on the line all over the world to say no to it. It makes me really, really hopeful, the fact that there are people fighting this in West Virginia, Montana and Wyoming, here in Washington



CODEPENDENCY & (ANTI-)CAPITALISM

Continued from Page 1

and insecurity, which drives them to continue their patterns of validation-seeking and self-denial as they grow into adulthood.

In my experience, codependency is less of a category and more of a network of tendencies whose manifestation ranges wildly among people and transforms over time. Despite this, I have noticed two consistent themes of codependent behavior in my communities.

The first is a pervasive perfectionism, in which an individual's self-approval is contingent on their performance in a particular

Codependents often conceptualize interpersonal relationships through the framework of the drama triangle. Within this structure, an individual in a conflict will alternately inhabit "victim", "perpetrator", and "rescuer" personas, which distract from a complex and empathetic understanding of the situation. With its overly simplistic, archetypal roles, this structure provides individuals with a familiar framework for their feelings: indignation for the victim, defensiveness for the perpetrator, and salvation for the rescuer.

In their withdrawal, one of the members of the food co-op mentioned having "wounded

their perceived imperfections, and drives them to compete indefinitely for externally-granted validation.

For most individuals in our society, these systems of external validation manifest in our families, in our schools, in our workplaces, and in our relationships to the legal system; these become our arenas for validation and salvation. When we fail to live up to the standards established for us, we are punished by the authorities as well as our own internalized judgments. These punishments victimize us, and since many of us never learn the skills required to define, identify, and satisfy our needs, we rescue ourselves through dissociation. Watching TV, shopping, eating, and drinking become our tools of emotional avoidance. In these patterns, there is an overarching connection to the self-sacrifice, search for validation, and disconnection from oneself that characterize codependence.

Meanwhile, the capitalist market perpetuates and profits from our distress. Advertisements in the media define images of perfection that erode at our sense of inherent self-worth and suggest consumerism as an appropriate solution to our inner defects. The message is clear: capitalism and its byproducts can rescue us from our ineptitude and victimhood. There is a safety in this message; it suggests that we do not have to look inward, to access our vulnerability or humanity, in order to find inner peace. There's a product for that now.

The logic of the drama triangle dictates how people of color, working-class folks, women,

by the mainstream media. We are told that our government intervenes in countries on behalf of the victimized women, children, or ethnic minorities, who are sweet but frankly a little incompetent and need our bravery and machismo to vanquish their oppressors, who are made of pure, uncomplicated evil. This brand of philanthropy, like the domestic variety, recreates the conditions of the drama triangle through the implication that "victims" are incompetent, "perpetrators" are incorrigible, and "rescuers" are infallible. As such, it forecloses on complex understandings of social injustice that implicate imperialism, capitalism, neoliberalism, and any number of other dynamics that are associated with global colonialism.

Resolution and Transformation

The process of breaking out of codependent dynamics is two-fold. Codependents must address the fundamental, wounded parts of themselves with compassion and acceptance in order to heal any deep-seated shame.¹ At the same time, we have to take action, setting and following through on concrete, loving personal boundaries. In this way, codependents can connect to their sense of self-worth and take pride in the actions they have taken.

I believe that it is essential for activists with codependent qualities to engage this process. For me, working to recover from codependency has radically transformed my activism. I figured out that feelings of guilt and inadequacy had been the primary motivators in my social justice work. I realized that I had internalized countless standards for what

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arena. For those of us who are social perfectionists, this means people-pleasing in order to receive external validation. Relationships with controlling individuals offer this sort of approval in spades, creating a predictable matrix within which one can "earn" validation by doing the "right" things. I have noticed that even in activist communities which embrace honesty and non-hierarchy, folks often hesitate to assert their boundaries or express disagreement to others who are charismatic, controlling, or (seemingly) essential to the functioning of the collective.

At my former collective, I noticed this sort of behavior happening when one of the well-established core members took actions outside of our consensus system. At one point, they temporarily withdrew from the collective in a way that obviously sidestepped our traditional process, and after their final withdrawal, they refused to return their key to the store.

bird syndrome". They described their recurring experience of joining struggling collectives (victims of the "system") and attempting to rescue them. When the collectives would fail to transform, this person would experience great disillusionment, shift from the "rescuer" to the "victim" role, and feel resentful and frustrated with the collective that, in their mind, was no longer a "victim" but a "perpetrator" of their distress. Had they and other members taken time to disabuse themselves of this paradigm, we could have understood our relationships to the collective in more complex, symbiotic terms, while avoiding burnout in the name of that collective's salvation.

Ultimately, all three of these patterns serve to redirect individuals' attention towards external sites of validation. Within codependency, the drama of everyday life keeps us from confronting our deeper anxieties and traumas.

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The second theme of codependency is a violent unselfishness; one's connection with their needs and feelings is sacrificed in order to address the needs and desires of others. This pattern is characterized by flexible personal boundaries, martyrdom, resentment, and expressed dissatisfaction that never materializes in action. Over time, individuals who consistently disregard their needs and emotions may lose touch with them altogether, and end up struggling to identify what it is they actually want and feel.

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Codependency and Society

Many of us are born into a society, which shames us for showing our bodies, our emotions, and our failures. Within mainstream monotheistic religion, we are reminded that because of our inherent sinfulness, we must suppress our natural impulses in order to earn paternalistic approval from an authoritarian

the skills required to define, identify, and satisfy our needs, we rescue ourselves through dissociation. Watching TV, shopping, eating, and drinking become our tools of emotional avoidance. In these patterns, there is an overarching connection to the self-sacrifice, search for validation, and disconnection from oneself that characterize codependence.

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queers, children, elderly, and disabled folks are characterized in mainstream media. Victims of disembodied circumstances and "bad luck," these communities are framed as "in need of rescuing." Within the project of "rescuing", the locus of control is rarely placed in the hands of communities resisting oppression. The majority of professional philanthropists and non-profits descend on these communities with their own tactics, constraints, and agendas. In the process, they often reinscribe the victimhood of the

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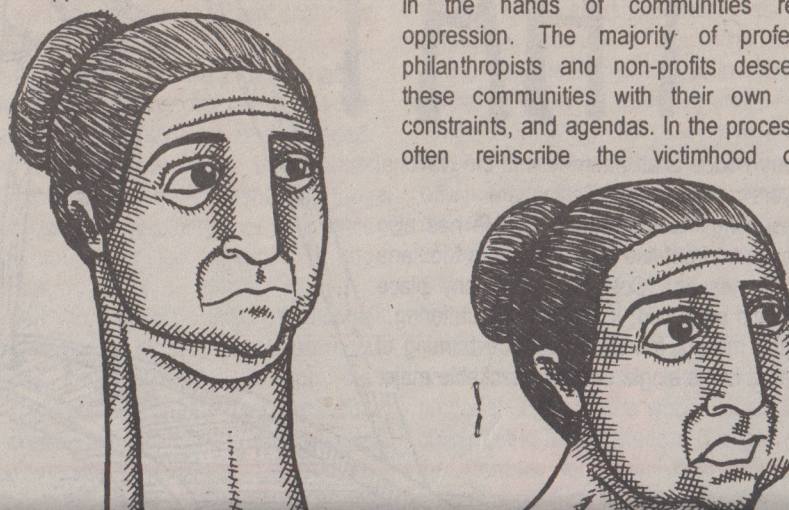
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constituted a "real" radical that left little room for my strengths and my identity. Finally, I understood that I needed to prioritize self-care and communication in a way that transcended the lip service that I had given them before. I learned about what burns me out, what nourishes me, and what inspires me. Recovery from codependency has been a long and vulnerable process but I have already noticed that my collective organizing involvement has become much more sustainable.

In the arena of addressing larger social patterns, the experience of codependency recovery can help individuals frame their ideas of social justice with respect to the basic needs and boundaries of others. For example, I've noticed that when speaking to individuals who occupy oppressive roles, I have had greater success when taking great care to avoid the rhetoric of the drama triangle. In appealing to their vulnerability, their humanity, and their strength, I have communicated social justice



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In my time living and participating in a radical land project, I felt obligated to assist with more projects, process more feelings, and eat more dumpstered bread than I was actually comfortable with. I heard this sentiment echoed by multiple volunteers, who expressed feelings of guilt around enjoying leisure time. In the end I burned out, became mired in resentment, and developed an intense sensitivity to gluten. Had I been able to set better boundaries for myself earlier on, I might have been able to participate in a way that was productive and sustainable in the long-term, or identify an unsustainable environment from the start.

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shames us for showing our bodies, our emotions, and our failures. Within mainstream monotheistic religion, we are reminded that because of our inherent sinfulness, we must suppress our natural impulses in order to earn paternalistic approval from an authoritarian



god. In communities thoroughly infiltrated by the culture of competition, many of us feel that our value is always relative to those around us and never inherent to us. This sense of competitive insecurity divides us and lays the groundwork for the creation of a malleable, competitive capitalist workforce. Within the framework of codependency, mainstream society is an excellent example of a dysfunctional family which negates the needs and feelings of its members, shames them for

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communities that they allege to support by denying them the right to take direction of the aid projects. Similarly, in the realm of gender socialization, themes of martyrdom, self-invalidation, and approval-seeking are coded in the way that many women are instructed to relate to men. At the root of these instructions is the understanding that women are inherently flawed or incapable and need men for guidance.

Finally, the drama triangle plays a significant role in the formation of foreign policy among nation-states, or more precisely, its justification

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Codependent dynamics permeate Western capitalist society and undermine many of our anti-capitalist communities. By gaining an awareness of the codependency framework, resolving childhood traumas, and learning to communicate our feelings, needs, and boundaries, we can transform our activism to build resilient movements that sustain, delight, and inspire us.

¹ This, by the way, is a very long process. To get started, find a therapist, support group, self-help source, or contact your local chapter of the Icarus Project and get ready to get deep.



By Steph Turner

Here's an idea so friggin' radical you just may dismiss it out of hand. Well, that's one possible narrative. I'm open to others.

Narrative sharing. It's about opening up to one another's life stories, regardless of political outlook or life experiences. We are all living our stories, are we not? But who really knows these stories if we speak mostly in general terms of political discourse? How can I get to know you, and you me, beyond politically shaped categories?

Narrative sharing. It's about pushing back at being told what to think, and given space to fully experience oneself beyond our categories. What if available categories miss who you really are? Politically available categories tend to fit me like a tight pair of shoes, inhibiting me from strolling freely in public spaces. I'm transgender with a spiritual dimension, or so I am told. More authentically,

Western styled didactic approaches. It invites others to relate in their own terms. Narrative sharing doesn't ask for agreement, rather it asks for sharing the journey to those experiences shaping our beliefs. Political generalizations have an insidious way of overemphasizing our differences. Narratives potentially spark awareness of our common humanity, where it transcends all divisions and disharmony.

Transcending political differences

Not to say there is no place for political discourse. Can we do a little of both? Is there some way to integrate the two? Is there some way to invite understanding without relying so

norms of what Max Weber called rational-legal authority. Instead of constantly negotiating fluid social spaces, legal-rational authority allows us to settle for policies and norms established by our supposed cultural and political leaders who lay down the norms for us all to follow. That allows someone's behavior on the West Coast to be readily predictable for someone on the East Coast. This mitigates stranger anxiety; otherwise the unpredictability of others would potentially make strangers of us all.

But such normative familiarity tends to stifle the diversity of human potential. Through

world and getting a sense about what is inside, but no one may enter simply by approaching me with some trusted sociopolitical category. As a transspirit, I tend to defy just about every constructed category put upon me, and even scapegoated for not easily fitting in where expected. This definitely includes any political categories. As a transspirit I am not only transgender, I am also trans-political. Pulled toward connecting to all potential, I naturally transgress the political divide. I naturally yearn to connect to all across the political spectrum.

As I listen to the narrative of my conservative friends I hear them expressing their ego needs as more pressing than their social needs. Their sense of belonging tends to be richly met in their close-knit circles. But who they are individually with unsettling erotic desires or anxieties toward a larger impersonal world crashing in on their smaller tightly-knit circles appears painfully exposed and wanting. To fill that void, I see them gravitating toward ideals of individualism, as an ideological or even pragmatic hope to ease the pains of unmet ego needs. If by some chance they can actually ease their strained ego needs, I see them becoming less dogmatically conservative.

Likewise, as I listen to the narrative of my liberal friends I hear them expressing their social needs as more pressing than their ego needs. Their sense of identity tends to be richly met with a strong sense of who they are in any social environment. But who they are socially negotiating where and how their unique selves may fit into their many social



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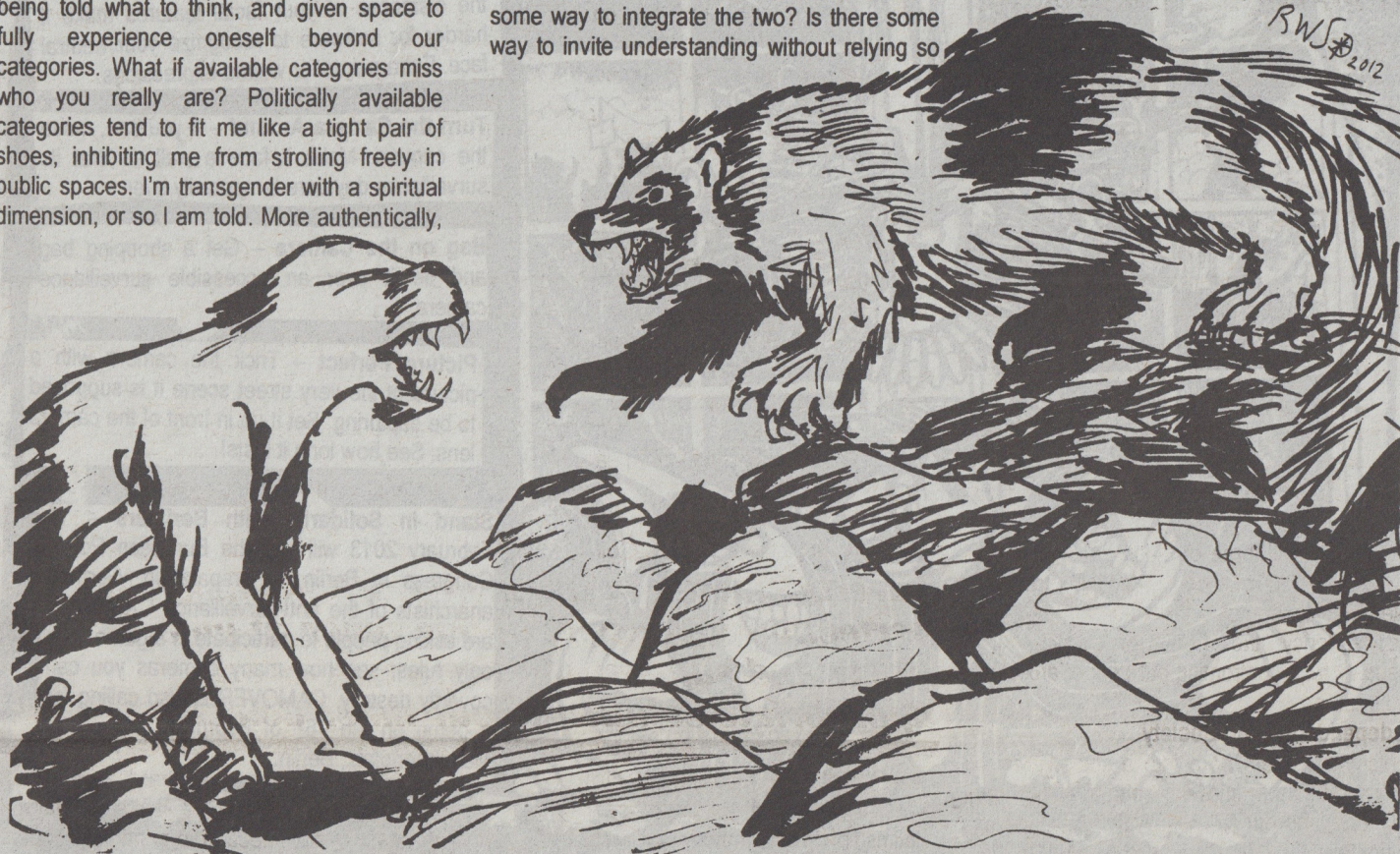
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I am a 'transspirit' with a transgender dimension. I am compelled to connect to deeper potentiality, prompting me to transgress the more divisive constructed norms. But without a narrative for others to follow, this notion tends to get lost in political terms. I am much more than can be captured in generalized terms of political rhetoric. I am fully human.

Narrative sharing. It's about transgressing the norms for idea sharing, to get to the depths of emotional sharing. Anyone can disagree with my liberal, conservative, anarchist or

narrowly upon political rhetoric? Raw discourse is great when appealing to a mindset ready to share our beliefs, but can easily alienate a broader audience ready to empathize with our cause if expressed through a relatable character and plot driven narrative. The privileged white liberal has some experiences in common with the anarchist person of color, but if they start with their political differences, trying to convince one another of the rightness of their views, they will tend to keep invisible this potential for empathetic connection.

narrative sharing we may find ways to explore such diverse human potential, as it finds expression in our unique experiences of gender and sexuality. I suspect nature counters this stifling of wholeness through organically atypical sexualities and gender modes. By being compelled to integrate my inner feminine and masculine ascribed energies I am naturally propelled toward communion of what is normatively alienated. This could create subject matter for a compelling, attention grabbing narrative.

Meanwhile, our unique experiences tend to

world and getting a sense about what is inside, but no one may enter simply by approaching me with some trusted sociopolitical category. As a transspirit, I tend to defy just about every constructed category put upon me, and even scapegoated for not easily fitting in where expected. This definitely includes any political categories. As a transspirit I am not only transgender. I am also trans-political. Pulled toward connecting to all potential, I naturally transgress the political divide. I naturally yearn to connect to all across the political spectrum.

As I listen to the narrative of my conservative friends I hear them expressing their ego needs as more pressing than their social needs. Their sense of belonging tends to be richly met in their close-knit circles. But who they are individually with unsettling erotic desires or anxieties toward a larger impersonal world crashing in on their smaller tightly-knit circles appears painfully exposed and wanting. To fill that void, I see them gravitating toward ideals of individualism, as an ideological or even pragmatic hope to ease the pains of unmet ego needs. If by some chance they can actually ease their strained ego needs, I see them becoming less dogmatically conservative.

Likewise, as I listen to the narrative of my liberal friends I hear them expressing their social needs as more pressing than their ego needs. Their sense of identity tends to be richly met with a strong sense of who they are in any social environment. But who they are socially negotiating where and how their unique selves may fit into their many social environments appears painfully exposed and wanting. To fill that void, I see them gravitating toward ideals of collectivism, as an ideological or even pragmatic hope to ease the pains of unmet social needs. If by some chance they can actually ease their strained social needs, I see them becoming less dogmatically liberal.

When attempting to critique their political views they tend to react as if it was an attack. They circle the wagons, only to reinforce the very views I invited them to question. Often, all I am doing is attempting to share some wisdom to perchance open a dialogue to their life stories. It is not my intent to impress them with my words of wisdom, as if I could ever change their political views. As long as their needs swing toward imbalance (and who of us doesn't by at least some degree?), I don't see

I am a 'transspirit' with a transgender dimension. I am compelled to connect to deeper potentiality, prompting me to transgress the more divisive constructed norms. But without a narrative for others to follow, this notion tends to get lost in political terms. I am much more than can be captured in generalized terms of political rhetoric. I am fully human.

Narrative sharing. It's about transgressing the norms for idea sharing, to get to the depths of emotional sharing. Anyone can disagree with my liberal, conservative, anarchist or libertarian views, or my lack thereof. But who dares disagree with my anguished feelings about being a Native American in colonized spaces? Who dares dispute my emotions about being asexual amongst a sea of sexual privilege? Can anyone argue with my visceral reactions to being trapped within the American gulag? I mean, really, is it ever wrong to feel a certain way?

Are not emotions merely messengers, to the message of beliefs? And what point is there in shooting the messenger? Or in following the dominant culture notion that all feelings must be subordinated to rational thought, as if my thoughts and feelings should not be integrated with equal value? Narrative shares the emotions and the beliefs; political discourse tends to skip the wealth of vulnerable emotions and goes straight for defending beliefs. How engaging is that for others we seek to reach?

By sharing my narrative I expose the feelings that indicate my beliefs. I neither defend nor reject them, I simply acknowledge their existence and expose their level of importance to me. Since I don't have to qualify my beliefs I feel free to share how I arrived at such beliefs. It's a vulnerable space I protect from premature repudiation, to preserve intimate awareness. In the process I naturally invite others to more deeply feel their beliefs, to repudiate their own thinking norms, and find their own truth.

Narrative sharing tends to be more inviting and potentially more engaging than our typical

narrowly upon political rhetoric? Raw discourse is great when appealing to a mindset ready to share our beliefs, but can easily alienate a broader audience ready to empathize with our cause if expressed through a relatable character and plot driven narrative. The privileged white liberal has some experiences in common with the anarchist person of color, but if they start with their political differences, trying to convince one another of the rightness of their views, they will tend to keep invisible this potential for empathetic connection.

Understandably, sharing opinions feels safer in mixed company than exposing our feelings. The more diverse we find ourselves, the more we tend to depend upon the common ground of shared generalizations. Like traditional gender and sexuality norms getting in the way

narrative sharing we may find ways to explore such diverse human potential, as it finds expression in our unique experiences of gender and sexuality. I suspect nature counters this stifling of wholeness through organically atypical sexualities and gender modes. By being compelled to integrate my inner feminine and masculine ascribed energies I am naturally propelled toward communion of what is normatively alienated. This could create subject matter for a compelling, attention grabbing narrative.

Meanwhile, our unique experiences tend to be shared exclusively among group members



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terms of

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I am fully human.

of our full potential, I find other interpersonal norms limiting our optimal possibilities. That includes imposed political divisions, as well as the constructed divide between rational thought sharing and emotional narrative sharing.

Narrative sharing challenges these norms of privileged alienation. By privileged alienation I mean the normalization of social spaces with others we barely know and accords advantages to those who function well with little if any intimate awareness of one another. It is a privilege skewed toward those with recognizable identities, and against those with emergent identities. Who can know me as a transspirit if they have never heard of this potentiality?

Narrative sharing empowers us to transcend those political differences presumed in the

and remain poorly understood outside of our social circles. In-group diversity tends to challenge any one-size-fits-all narrative, but is it not possible to craft a narrative with enough ambiguity to be more inclusive? Is it not possible to craft a narrative that starts to open vistas to welcome others' insight into our uniquely shared experiences and needs? Or is it possible to craft a politics that allows others to understand me well enough to enter my space?

Transpolitical

For me, politics make good windows, but poor doors. They're great for looking into my

toward issues of collectivism, as an ideological or even pragmatic hope to ease the pains of unmet social needs. If by some chance they can actually ease their strained social needs, I see them becoming less dogmatically liberal.

When attempting to critique their political views they tend to react as if it was an attack. They circle the wagons, only to reinforce the very views I invited them to question. Often, all I am doing is attempting to share some wisdom to perchance open a dialogue to their life stories. It is not my intent to impress them with my words of wisdom, as if I could ever change their political views. As long as their needs swing toward imbalance (and who of us doesn't by at least some degree?), I don't see any amount of convincing rhetoric will ever sway them.

Narrative sharing isn't about demanding a change in one's beliefs. But it can begin an exploration to uncover the experiences and their interpretations leading to our hardened

beliefs. Instead of my ideas asking them to see what's inside my head, my narrative invites them to come and see what's in my heart. And it's mutual. I'd rather relate to what they honestly feel than sort through what they think. Yeah, it goes both ways. Like most of them, I'm open to any opinion, except those being crammed down my throat.

Steph Turner served as editor to a zine for and by trans/GNC prisoners (2005-2008) till the money ran out, and was a regular contributor to Fort Wayne's (IN) Reality Magazine (2009-2010) till the money ran out and it folded too. After earning a master's in public admin with a nonprofit emphasis and serving as a strategic planning consultant to a statewide trans org, Steph is currently working on a second master's degree, in counseling, at least till the money runs out.

Poke Surveillance Culture in the Mechanical Eye

Surveillance cameras are increasingly forced into public spaces without warning. They are everywhere. If this is the environment we must engage with, then we will use all the tools at our disposal in resisting the processes of facial recognition. The liberal logic of transparency validates the existence of such technologies - one can think back to Aeon Flux which depicts a society where transparency is fetishized and exploited by politicians to at once control the masses and construct their own spectacular presence. The American center-left is full of what Noam Chomsky would call proto-fascists: closet authoritarians who are quick to dismiss their presented permissive openness for the goal of societal control. Without further ado, here are some simple tips to resist surveillance culture in your town.

Make a Map - Surveillance cameras exist in physical spaces. Knowing where they are is part of the fun. Meet up with friends and split an area into digestible pieces. Now walk through your area, making note of where the cameras are. Pool the information found together with your team and then map it. After you have your map, you can figure out which routes avoid surveillance and which territories to be vigilant within.

Paint Your Face - Facial recognition software focuses on the area from the bridge of your nose to where your eyes meet. Avoid make-up that will highlight distinct facial characteristics like eye shadow and lipstick. Since most software converts photos to black-and-white, monochromatic face-paint works best. Do what



Style Your Hair - Use the same approach as you did with your subversive make-up. Asymmetry is key. Cover as much of your face as possible. Especially the area between your eyes and nose. Extra points for cheek coverings.

Smile - When taking photographs for the state (driver's license photos, mugshots, etc.) make sure to smile. Facial expressions that change the distances of your facial features make it harder for software to recognize your neutral face. Extra points for weirdo expressions.

Turn the Camera Around - If you can, move the camera. Make it face a wall so that its surveillance days are temporarily over.

Bag on the Camera - Get a shopping bag and tie it over an accessible surveillance camera.

Picture Perfect - Trick the camera with a picture of the very street scene it is supposed to be capturing. Set it up in front of the camera lens. See how long it lasts!

Stand in Solidarity with Berliners - 19 February 2013 will see the European Police Congress in Berlin. In preparation, German anarchists of the anti-surveillance CAMOVER are asking people to participate in a game. The only rules: see how many cameras you can covertly destroy. CAMOVER is also calling for

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Paint Your Face - Facial recognition software focuses on the area from the bridge of your nose to where your eyes meet. Avoid make-up that will highlight distinct facial characteristics like eye shadow and lipstick. Since most software converts photos to black-and-white, monochromatic face-paint works best. Do what you can to scramble your face. Obscure shadows. Think asymmetrically.



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MAIL
TIME

under capitalism. Every aspect of a prisoner's life is parceled up by the government and auctioned off to corporations. Multinational powerhouses such as Sodexo, Aramark, Westinghouse, GEO Group Inc, Correctional Communications Corp., Sprint, and AT&T (to name a few) have won massive government contracts to exclusively sell or rent their shitty food, furniture, facilities, vehicles, surveillance & communications technologies to prisons at inflated prices. (Ever wonder why it costs six times the normal amount to make a collect call from prison? ...this would be why.) Some

becomes difficult, if not impossible, to ever get a legit job again. In most states, you can't even receive food stamps. After release, many former prisoners find they must engage in criminal activity to survive. It's a vicious cycle, with over 40% of folks released from prison ending up back behind bars within 3 years.

It would seem the system is designed to keep its captive market captive, with the lobbyists and PR specialists that write the laws and control the mainstream media ensuring that the War on Drugs and fear of crime are used to legitimize the PIC to the taxpaying

people are in state & federal prisons (as of the last U.S. census in 2010), and every able-bodied one of them is required to work. Prison laborers are paid between 23 cents and \$1.15 an hour for manufacturing clothing, solar panels, weapons, etc. Although it is illegal for Federal Prison Industries (also called "Unicor") to sell prisoner-made goods to consumers, the government purchases these goods, replacing private sector companies. The result is the elimination of manufacturing jobs, decreased wages, and subsequent damage to the economy. Last year, NASA contracted

MAIL TIME

Dear Slingshot,

I was happy to see Alex making the effort to keep prisoners in the loop with their article "RABBIT Wants You to Write Prisoners." Hey Alex, I dig mail! I also really dig that Alex did not refer to us as "inmates," a term of derision inside the walls (Liane Apple, please take note). However, Alex should know that there's no such thing as a "Prison Industrial Complex (PIC)." This is a misnomer Angela Davis has been trumpeting for years, and as far as I can tell, she made it up. It falsely implies that somehow various governments, state and federal, are making money from prisons, when nothing could be further from the truth. Even with our slave labor, the profits, if any, are negligible and prisons are bleeding state budgets and taxpayers dry. There is nothing "industrial" or "complex" about prison, so people should refrain from using this misleading terminology.

In counter-rhythm,

Rand Gould C-187131

Thumb Correctional Facility

3225 John Conley Dr.

Lapeer, MI 48446

Dear Rand,

Thanks for writing! We dig mail too! But I'm going to keep using the term "Prison Industrial Complex" and here's why:

The body of a prisoner is a hot commodity

under capitalism. Every aspect of a prisoner's life is parceled up by the government and auctioned off to corporations. Multinational powerhouses such as Sodexo, Aramark, Westinghouse, GEO Group Inc, Correctional Communications Corp., Sprint, and AT&T (to name a few) have won massive government contracts to exclusively sell or rent their shitty food, furniture, facilities, vehicles, surveillance & communications technologies to prisons at inflated prices. (Ever wonder why it costs six times the normal amount to make a collect call from prison? ...this would be why.) Some corporations—such as American Express and General Electric—have gone so far as to construct private prisons in Oklahoma and Tennessee which they rent out to the state at a

becomes difficult, if not impossible, to ever get a legit job again. In most states, you can't even receive food stamps. After release, many former prisoners find they must engage in criminal activity to survive. It's a vicious cycle, with over 40% of folks released from prison ending up back behind bars within 3 years.

It would seem the system is designed to keep its captive market captive, with the lobbyists and PR specialists that write the laws and control the mainstream media ensuring that the War on Drugs and fear of crime are used to legitimize the PIC to the taxpaying public.

Perhaps it isn't a surprise that the emergence of the Prison Industrial Complex

people are in state & federal prisons (as of the last U.S. census in 2010), and every able-bodied one of them is required to work. Prison laborers are paid between 23 cents and \$1.15 an hour for manufacturing clothing, solar panels, weapons, etc. Although it is illegal for Federal Prison Industries (also called "Unicor") to sell prisoner-made goods to consumers, the government purchases these goods, replacing private sector companies. The result is the elimination of manufacturing jobs, decreased wages, and subsequent damage to the economy. Last year, NASA contracted prisoners at San Quentin to make Satellite parts for pennies an hour—a job once reserved for unionized engineers. Soon, the products of prison labor will be floating between us and the stars.

I wish I could say that this is all some freakish accident. But the truth is, this is exactly how capitalism is supposed to operate. The Prison Industrial Complex is simply an extreme example of the way capitalism hijacks the lives of all workers: thanks to private property laws and the taking of the commons, the working class has been made doubly-free—We are free from the ability to provide for ourselves, and free to sell our labor to bosses. Ironically, capitalism's exploitative double-freedom operates just as easily behind bars.

Over the last two decades, similar trends of privatization have occurred in education and medicine, with corporations increasingly forcing themselves into the lives of people who interact with those spaces. Last year, in the tiny college town of Davis, a group of students and teachers shut down a bank on their campus through peaceful protest. Now they are facing 11 years in jail. The corporations are determined to invade every scrap of public space left in the world, and if they deem you a threat to this conquest, you will end up serving them in prison.

In contra-rhyme,

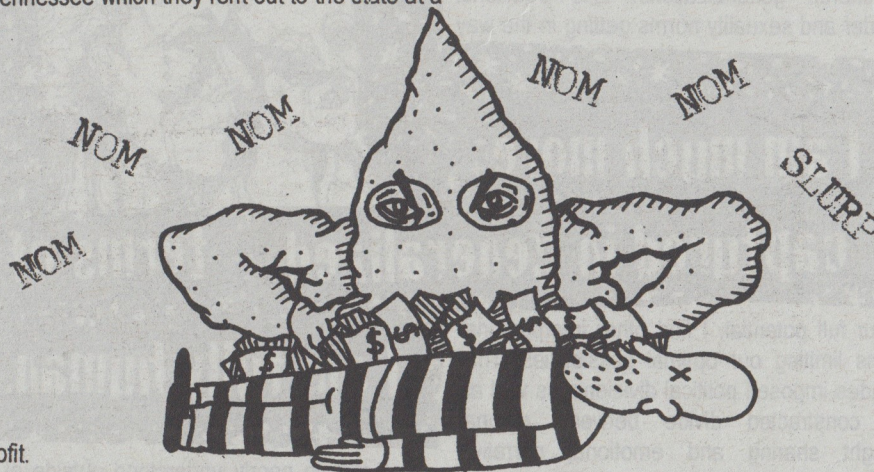
Teresa Smith of the Slingshot Collective

Also, I wouldn't discount the economic impact of prison labor. Around 1.6 million

profit.

With over 1 percent of the American population behind bars at this time, the prison market is booming and CEOs are scrambling to get a piece of the pie. As of 2011, total state spending on corrections reached about \$52 billion—which is double the cost it was ten years before. Taxpayers are picking up this enormous bill, which subsidizes the corporations that profiteer off prisons.

The irony of all this—or "strategic investment incentive," depending on your point of view—is that prisons create more crime. Once you have prison time on your record, it





Continued from Page 1

that there is a "modern tendency to see no correlation between the struggle for collective black self-recovery and ecological movements that seek to restore balance to the planet by changing our relationship to nature and to natural resources." Her statement sums up my approach to the activism and social justice work that had dominated my life. I did not understand my own internalized oppression, my own struggle, my own health as being intricately connected to the oppression of this earth or to the non-human beings that inhabit it. I was blind to understanding that our states of physical, psychological, and emotional health are all connected to one another's, or put simply, deep ecology. Further, I did not understand this, until I experienced it; The feeling of my hands in frozen soil, understanding that I held seeds of life that would nourish and feed myself and others. Sweat pouring off my body as I climbed higher, staring my fears in the face, and climbing past them. Dark nights spent in the forest being reassured that the wild is not a place to be afraid of, but to revere and cherish. hooks states that it is this disconnect between body and mind that has lead to the estrangement of black folks from nature, allowing white supremacy to inform us of our sense of selves instead. But I couldn't understand this through words. I had to understand it through action, experience, practice. Similarly, we cannot simply talk about how to challenge oppression

self worth and love for themselves, society, and the planet. These traits mirror those of any being that falls prey to an abusive relationship. The difference being that in the relationship between individual and a globally pervasive hegemonic belief system, there is no out. This is critical. We, as revolutionary fighters on behalf of Mother Earth, must see the essential necessity of connection to the wild. For it is in this relationship, that we unlearn the man-made destruction that lives in our hands and hearts. Because in the wild, we are free from the man-made abuses that we enact upon one another. In the wilderness, reveling in the will of the land, we remember our own wills — free from abuse, free from oppression. We recall, nourish, and strengthen our authentic, wild free selves. This is our struggle, this is our fight: For access, preservation, and protection of the wild so that we can heal the wounds of abuses inflicted upon us and the earth.

When we examine the myriad effects of this oppressive system, from learned patterns of abuse to a general inability to formulate healthy relationships with other beings, we can see how the collective consciousness of folks that fall outside of the dominant paradigm, much like the Earth, is under attack. As a

so much that we have forgotten the process. It is in this process that we learn to listen, learn to heal, learn to stop abusing one another. We must examine ourselves, our movement, and our beliefs in order to unhinge the abuse disguised as "just the way things are," manifested in oppressive patterns of language and behavior.

We are codependents in love with a capitalist white supremacist patriarchal addict that exploits, manipulates, and traumatizes us and the planet. A codependent is defined as someone whose identity is undeveloped or unknown due to the maintenance of a false sense of self, built from dependent attachments to external sources. Our sense of self must be recovered from this abusive partner. We must demand a change, live it, breathe it in, let it settle into our bones. We must remember ourselves, our wild feral selves, independent and free, courageously united for the sake of the saving this entire planet. As recovering codependents, it is our inherent responsibility as part of our own healing process to create safety for ourselves. As warriors and revolutionaries on behalf of Mother Earth, it is our fight to ensure this means safety for all, by any means necessary.

We must humble ourselves

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To say that I was privileged to attend my first Rony would be an understatement. To be sure, from the Greyhound bus ticket that was bought for me by the folks at Morning Star Farm, to the education that gave me the ability to consciously understand radical environmental theory, to my middle class background that helped create social connections with friends attending the Rony, all of these factors made it that much easier for me to attend the gathering and feel comfort in my presence and engagement. Not everyone has access to these privileges. Arguably, most folks don't have access to them. In her essay, hooks urges us to "bridge gaps and restore broken connections," and EF! seems primed to do so if it chooses to live up to challenge.

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We must humble ourselves
to the fact that NO COMPROMISE in
the name of MOTHER EARTH means
no one left behind.

result, we can observe that most people now have destructive relationships with themselves, one another, and this planet. Let's think about this same concept a different way. Instead of talking about marginalized folks, let's substitute the Earth. We can understand the various ecosystems within it as the collective consciousness and instead of the ideology of white supremacy, we'll substitute anthropocentrism. This is easy for most radical environmentalists to comprehend. We can easily see the same destructive cycle of abuse and understand the urgency in healing the trauma we have inflicted on this earth, and therefore with respect to the philosophy of deep ecology, we must appreciate with the same magnitude the grave necessity of healing the collective consciousness of marginalized individuals all over this planet. If that sounds like an unreasonable demand,

Further, making the concept of challenging oppression into a workshop topic is laughable, if not completely ridiculous. We are talking about living, breathing, pervasive systems that we've been raised up in, and that live within us, around us, informing and shaping our relationships with ourselves and each other. What does it look like to put this challenge into action? Well, Mason's proposal seems like a step in the right direction. With the creation of spaces where we with the privilege of feeling, knowing, breathing in the power of a relationship with the land, share with those who are currently strangled under the weight of industrial capitalism, pervasive oppression, and the surmounting traumas unreleased and festering in our collective unconsciousness. We must humble ourselves to the fact that no compromise in the name of Mother Earth means no one left behind. We cannot ignore

identity problems, but that is not the case. Our minds can take us.

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In the article "Thinking Long Term," Marie Mason articulates the necessity, magnitude, and urgency of this challenge because not only is the planet dying, but so too are thousands of beings, human and otherwise, as a result of the current ecocide happening in urban centers, rural communities, and the ever vanishing wild places across the country. Within the intersecting boundaries of these various groups, we will find the next eco-warriors. The beings that stand testament to the environmental degradation that mar their bodies and minds, laying their spirits to waste at the expense of this white supremacist, capitalist, patriarchal machine.

White supremacy is the system of beliefs that devalues all other races, and places whiteness as top dog. Raised in this sort of environment, folks that fall outside of the dominant identity category continually consume cultural cues and messages that devalue their identity, disfiguring their sense of

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result, we can observe that most people now have destructive relationships with themselves, one another, and this planet. Let's think about this same concept a different way. Instead of talking about marginalized folks, let's substitute the Earth. We can understand the various ecosystems within it as the collective consciousness and instead of the ideology of white supremacy, we'll substitute anthropocentrism. This is easy for most radical environmentalists to comprehend. We can easily see the same destructive cycle of abuse and understand the urgency in healing the trauma we have inflicted on this earth, and therefore with respect to the philosophy of deep ecology, we must appreciate with the same magnitude the grave necessity of healing the collective consciousness of marginalized individuals all over this planet. If that sounds like an unreasonable demand, then "no compromise" has no room for you.

In order to stop our current path of destruction, we need to fight to end further harm, but we also must heal the damage that has already been inflicted. This is of utmost importance, for it is from these spaces of unlearning, wild spaces, that we will create a different way, that we will remember the old ways. Audre Lorde said the master's tools will never dismantle the master's house. Earth First! has used the master's tools for far too long. We have been focusing on the end goal

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*** I've learned to think in a circle instead of a line. My spirit lost its way some time ago between television screens and mini mall super saver Saturdays. But in pine silhouetted black nights I read the moon with my heart and in return she whispered to me resuscitating secrets always had I known.

In between struggle and revolution there is a vital flowing energy. Composing the symphony of tides and flows spirals of life cycles of death. In it, we learn to dance without thinking, feel the rhythm with our hearts hear the notes with our souls. Shedding the skin of our human masks we lose ourselves in caves and waters.

Enamored with the darkness in love with the wild, we are bosomed in the long laborious ecstasy of everything and nothing.

In this we heal. In this we remember. In this we are free.

Decentralized, nimble and pre-positioned

READY TO RESPOND

Food Not Bombs network offers grassroots model for disaster relief after super storm Sandy

By Keith McHenry

Food Not Bombs has supported a number of disaster relief efforts in the movement's 30 year history. Since we have autonomous groups sharing food and supplies in roughly a thousand cities, our volunteers are already pre-positioned and ready to respond. When the earthquake hit the San Francisco Bay area in 1989, Food Not Bombs was ready sharing food at Civic Center Plaza, Peoples Park and near the epicenter in Santa Cruz hours after the earth shook. When Katrina flooded New Orleans, Food Not Bombs was already prepared to help. Volunteers from across America headed towards the Gulf Coast before the storm came ashore. Super Storm Sandy was no different.

The Food Not Bombs hotline started getting calls as the high winds were bending the palm trees across Florida, often sharing that they had responded to Katrina and wanted to help again. That same day, volunteers with Long Island Food Not Bombs also started to prepare for Sandy, emailing out an announcement for their first planning meeting. The newly formed Staten Island Food Not Bombs also called seeking support.

Before long we had set up a field kitchen and started to share the already-prepared meals. Some of us returned to the church to help with the clean up and the next day's meals. A continual parade of volunteers and donations arrived at the church. By now, Occupy Sandy was up and running a few blocks away from our kitchen down on 4th Avenue. That evening, several of us drove over to the produce market and bought as much as our vehicles could carry. We followed news reports to determine if areas of the city were being neglected.

By day two we had a system, delivering meals and supplies to three or four locations after cooking all morning. The servers would stay out until dark. As we saw after Katrina and the San Francisco Earthquake, the American Red Cross was nowhere to be seen but they did give out our toll-free number as they had after Katrina. We received over 200 calls during the first week, most offering to help. We set up a list with volunteers' phone numbers, email addresses, skills and details of how they could help.

extraction and other policies that increase the impact of the climate crisis but this has not been the case so far. Government and corporate policies that drive the climate into crisis are related to the policies responsible for hunger and homelessness. These connections are taboo in U.S. corporate media.

Sandy hit just as America was about to start its annual Thanksgiving attention to hunger and homelessness. Sandy provided a visible reason for so many families to become homeless. Public compassion for those made homeless by the hurricane would soon turn to disdain of those lazy homeless people blighting our city streets. After each emergency like the 1989 San Francisco earthquake, Katrina or the 2008 housing foreclosure crisis, sympathy for the survivors will soon turn to anger at those freeloading homeless. When people started to call from the west coast asking if they should race across the country to help, we reminded them that there were people in need in every

DISA

By Jared Wood

Most days the bike ride home from work fills me with joy. I am at ease on the open streets, appreciating life around me, thankful for the city roadblocks that limit car access and encourage communication with other passersby.

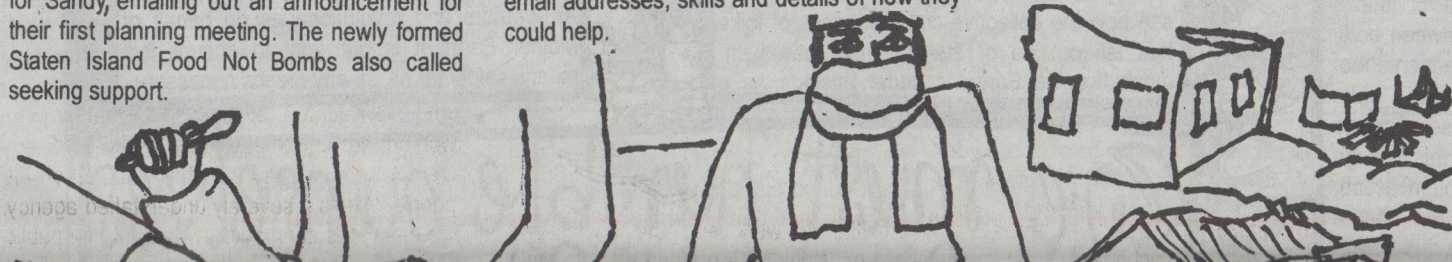
One fine autumn day I was riding home in the golden hour before sunset singing Tower of Power. I passed the regular neighborhood softball game, then a mom towing a tot in a bike trailer with their dog running alongside. A few blocks later I saw a person in a wheelchair pulling a skateboarder skitching behind and smiled to think: This is home.

* * *

I work as an in-home caregiver and attendant, helping a few quadriplegic guys with their lunch, dinner, or nighttime routines. Each of the guys is paralyzed as a result of a traumatic accident that resulted in a spinal cord injury and each depends on a number of attendants to move from bed, shower, do housework and run errands, prepare for sleep, and so forth.

Truthfully, I kind of just slipped into becoming an attendant. I needed paid work and it seemed like one of the few options that felt important, allowed me to be myself, and offered dignity and fulfillment. It turned out a bunch of folks in the area were in need of attendants and I was soon officially employed, beginning to learn about their lifestyles and beginning to form intimate, cherished friendships.

Before that I had, so far as I knew, relatively infrequent contact with disabled folks. Growing up in Richmond, Virginia, it was rare for me to see or interact with people in wheelchairs, excepting visits with my grandmother who had multiple sclerosis. Later, living in the suburbs



in 1989, Food Not Bombs was ready sharing food at Civic Center Plaza, Peoples Park and near the epicenter in Santa Cruz hours after the earth shook. When Katrina flooded New Orleans, Food Not Bombs was already prepared to help. Volunteers from across America headed towards the Gulf Coast before the storm came ashore. Super Storm Sandy was no different.

The Food Not Bombs hotline started getting calls as the high winds were bending the palm trees across Florida, often sharing that they had responded to Katrina and wanted to help again. That same day, volunteers with Long Island Food Not Bombs also started to prepare for Sandy, emailing out an announcement for their first planning meeting. The newly formed Staten Island Food Not Bombs also called seeking support.



We rushed up the coast past wrecked cars filled with sand and boats tossed on to homes, eventually arriving at the Park Slope Community Church. Joseph and his family pulled in from North Carolina with two truckloads of food and supplies plus two U-hauls full of propane and other equipment. A local Native American activist Bobby and his family also arrived at the same time so we unloaded the food, large cooking pots, cutting boards,

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By day two we had a system, delivering meals and supplies to three or four locations after cooking all morning. The servers would stay out until dark. As we saw after Katrina and the San Francisco Earthquake, the American Red Cross was nowhere to be seen but they did give out our toll-free number as they had after Katrina. We received over 200 calls during the first week, most offering to help. We set up a list with volunteers' phone numbers, email addresses, skills and details of how they could help.

At the same time, Long Island Food Not Bombs was recovering tons of food working around the clock to distribute the donations. Power was off for thousands of groceries and food warehouses. Phone service and electricity were so random on the island that we had people call a volunteer in Oregon who had helped the Long Island Chapter before moving west. Even with all the challenges, Long Island Food Not Bombs pulled off their annual World's Largest Vegan Thanksgiving at the Hempstead Train Station, providing groceries, clothing and warm meals to over

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community and directed them to their local Food Not Bombs group. We also explained that local relief programs would be struggling for help and financial support since most people would be directing their assistance towards the New York area.

Many volunteers who participated in the Katrina relief effort met at the Fourth Annual North American Anarchist Studies Network Conference in New Orleans, Louisiana in early January 2013. Several workshops discussed the failures and successes of both the Katrina and the Sandy relief efforts. There was recognition that we are often the first to respond. Some participants were critical of how people coming from the outside failed to

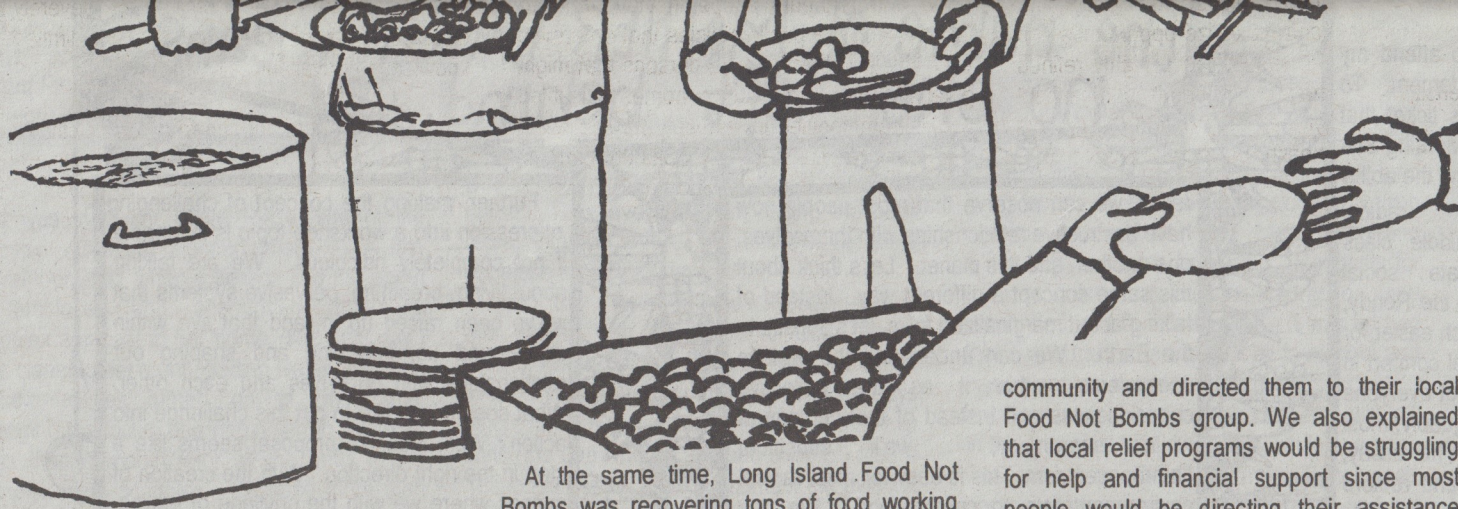
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Before that I had, so far as I knew, relatively infrequent contact with disabled folks. Growing up in Richmond, Virginia, it was rare for me to see or interact with people in wheelchairs, excepting visits with my grandmother who had multiple sclerosis. Later, living in the suburbs south of San Francisco, I was asked to help a classmate with spina bifida. He used a walker and could not speak, and was the only person with noticeable bodily challenges I have ever shared a public classroom with. People with invisible disabilities like those with psychological, emotional challenges or chronic pain or fatigue who do not use assistive devices or show outward signs of their challenges weren't on my radar at all.

Here in Berkeley there is a significant population of folks who use wheelchairs, many of whom go out and about. One of my buddies calls Berkeley "Disneyland for a quad" because it has wheelchair-accessible sidewalks, busses and rapid transit. Libraries, banks, stores, and restaurants are often accommodating, he says. People here are accustomed to interacting with folks with disabilities and for the most part they don't





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Calls continued to flood in with offers of help, requests for help and suggestions of places to bring food. After sending out a car-load of food and supplies to the coast of Red Hook and another load to Rockaway, several of us rushed over to Staten Island in two vehicles filled with cooking equipment, stoves and food. We met Olie and the other Food Not Bombs volunteers and unloaded the equipment while discussing where we should set up. Huge tractors pushed the remains of houses and cars filled with sand out of the streets, dumping their loads in to lines of dump trucks. As soon as we stopped, a family appeared from the wreckage and asked if we had anything to eat. Their faces expressed the type of shock you would expect to see in the eyes of people that had just survived a bombing.

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Super Storm Sandy was the hurricane many believed would spark the climate crisis debate into high gear. Just weeks before the Kyoto Climate Change Treaty was set to expire, negotiators were heading to the UN climate conference (COP18) in Doha, Qatar. Sandy inspired a feeling of urgency about addressing the climate crisis at the grassroots level but most leaders remained silent.

Many climate scientists have written that until a huge storm floods Wall Street, leaders will continue to ignore the fact that no one is immune from the rapidly changing climate. It would seem that Super Storm Sandy would give pause and direct attention towards the impact of industrial meat production, fossil fuel

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stare. I have heard, though, of theft in public and car drivers hit-and-running persons using wheelchairs. And months ago I saw a driver honk at a blind woman crossing the street.

* * *

Each of the three guys I work for came here to attend UC Berkeley, which offered a program for disabled students unique in its time. The "dorm program" provided appropriate housing and on-call attendants as students transitioned into school life and hiring help themselves. Many who participated in this program ended up staying in Berkeley because of the disabled community, the city's efforts toward accessibility, and the social

ABILITY AND CAPITALISM

a caregiver's perspective

climate here. From what I have been told, the opportunities available here for personal independence and community integration are unparalleled elsewhere.

The broader San Francisco Bay Area has been and continues to be one of the epicenters for the disability rights movement and radical actions led by disabled organizers. It is home to disability rights advocacy groups, disabled artists, performers, and activists. Berkeley was the first city to be home to an Independent Living movement and an Independent Living Center aimed at uniting different disabled

sexuality like for someone with paralysis? Romantic love?

As I began working as a caregiver, I realized that I was afraid to ask questions like these. I didn't want to ask anything too personal, too sensitive, to overstep the bounds of my new relationships. At first I mostly observed, a beginner trying to absorb any information that would help provide care, comfort, and mindful presence.

Soon I was seeing how each person has carefully developed and designed individualized systems, engineering custom

shows that disabled persons seeking work have become increasingly unemployed compared to able-bodied persons seeking work. Those disabled persons who do work live in a form of state-maintained poverty because of regulations that limit the amount of paid work a person who receives disability benefits may perform while continuing to receive financial support and/or health insurance.

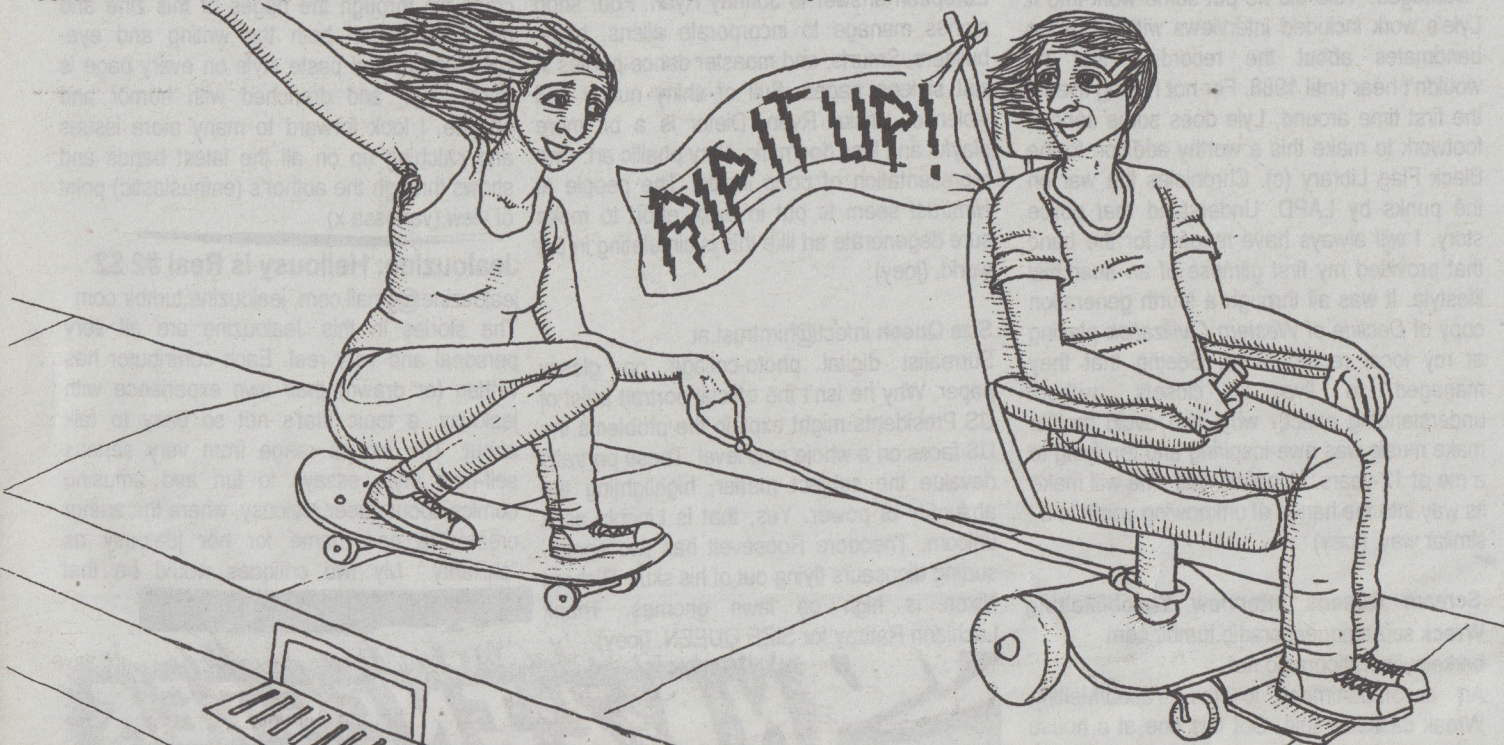
Some theorize that these structures and attitudes have created a fear of disability amongst able-bodied persons, a fear of one's

services that enable many quadriplegics - amongst others - to live in their own homes, employing folks like me through In-Home Supportive Services (IHSS), a division of Social Security. Without IHSS, quadriplegics would have to afford essential care themselves (\$40,000 a year) or depend upon their families and communities to provide this support as well as access to health care and medical supplies.

In Alameda County there are more than a hundred fifty thousand disabled persons and but one IHSS office to serve them. All new IHSS workers must register here and watch a mandatory video on how to commit fraud and what the penalties for doing so will be. Each new worker proves that they have been fingerprinted, a state background check paid for by the individual hiring them. Felons, though they have in theory served their time in a "correctional" facility aimed to rehabilitate them, are de facto ineligible for this form of state work.

What is life like for quads living in places without state-provided support? According to one of the guys I work for, the vast majority of quads that live in such locales are at home with their families or in assisted living facilities. Many of them rarely - if ever - venture outside their homes as the built environment may be inaccessible for those who use wheelchairs. People help, though, and logistical challenges can be overcome with motivated assistance.

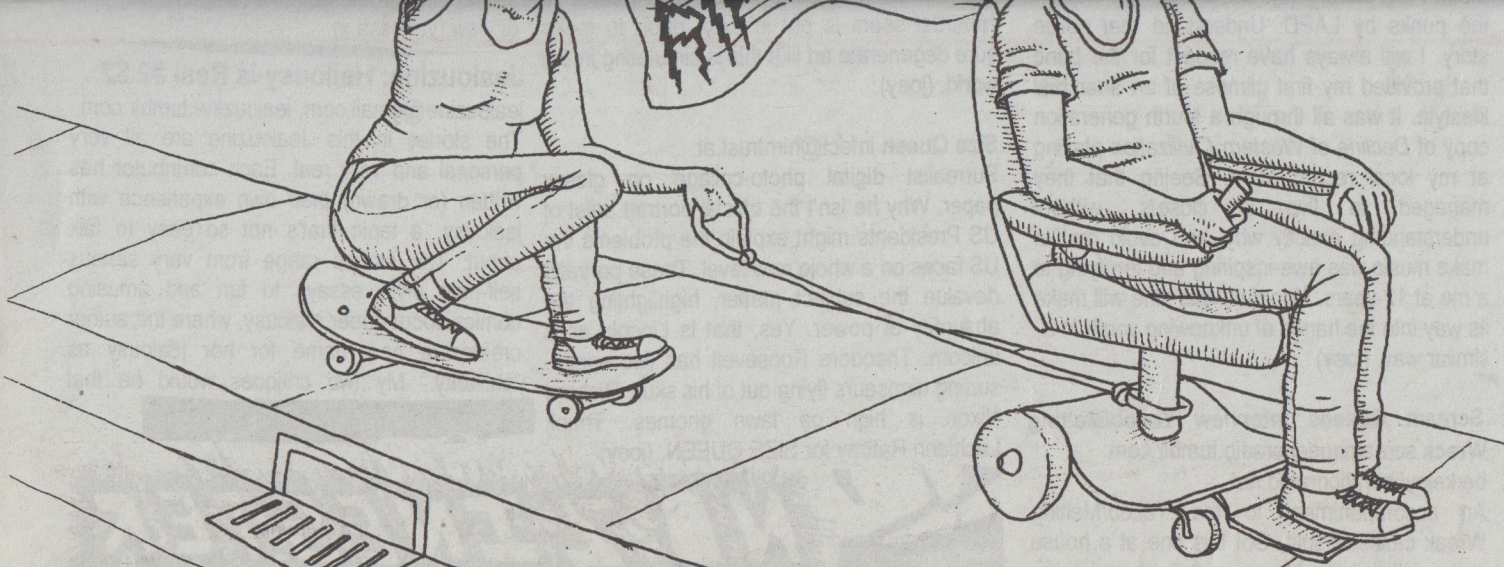
Go to the Alameda County IHSS office and you'll encounter attitudes that show that workers are underpaid, underappreciated, and overworked; call and the time you wait on the phone reveals a severely understaffed agency. For many it is an impossibly long trip on public transit, accessible only by bus in East



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Perhaps owing to this radical history, Berkeley was one of the first cities in the country to begin implementing federal legislations such as the Architectural Barriers Act and the Americans with Disabilities Act (ADA). These laws are meant to ensure that public spaces are designed to be accessible for those with disabilities and that disabled persons cannot be discriminated against in the field of education or the workplace.

The American Disabilities Act (ADA) defines disability as "a physical or mental impairment that substantially limits a major life activity, such as walking, seeing, hearing, learning, breathing, caring for oneself, or working" and is intended to protect "those who have a disability, those who have a record of such an impairment," and those who are "regarded as having such an impairment." This definition includes persons in very different positions with widely divergent lifestyles and needs. Persons who are blind or deaf, who have severe back injuries, cancer, or AIDS, who are former drug addicts, have learning disabilities, and those who were diagnosed with emotional or psychological conditions are all amongst those that the state recognizes as disabled. "Disability," then, is defined by the state largely as one's inability to work.

This condition is problematized in a growth-based capitalist paradigm as one's value to the nation is quantified in purely economic terms. Government agencies and programs meant to

fabrications to maximize their autonomy and access to communication and technology. How a rhythm of routines is necessary to meet one's basic needs, ensure efficiency and completeness, and maximize opportunities for other activities. I was seeing a highly refined sensitivity to one's bodily needs and respect for ensuring that they be met. Complex ways of navigating health concerns, relationships with medical supplies, pharmaceutical medicines, and the medical industry. A life simultaneously lengthened and regulated by the state, a life in which anything necessary or desired must be asked for from a position of dependence.

The paper *Capitalism and Disability* (Russell and Malhotra, 2002), which this article is much

own inability to work and the social and material conditions of the lifestyle that would result. It cannot help this fear knowing that some entrepreneurs shape institutional care facilities and the public policies that determine who lives in them to house persons that might otherwise live in their own homes. Disabled bodies commodified in this way may be worth anywhere from \$30,000 – \$82,000 each in guaranteed annual revenue and in such situations, "disabled people are worth more to the Gross Domestic Product when occupying a 'bed' than a home."

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Go to the Alameda County IHSS office and you'll encounter attitudes that show that workers are underpaid, underappreciated, and overworked; call and the time you wait on the phone reveals a severely understaffed agency. For many it is an impossibly long trip on public transit, accessible only by bus in East Oakland. Limited though these resources are, they provide a quality of life for severely disabled persons that is to my limited knowledge unavailable anywhere else.

* * *

In opposition to the norm of productivism, there exists an opportunity for a positive project. We can value each other in ways that are not rooted in our suitability for a dominant and damaging paradigm of work. We can value each other in ways that affirm the magnificent diversity of this world for its wild difference, celebrating the richness of opportunity for relationship and experience that results.

In this spirit I would like to celebrate my

*When will we all be honored for who we are,
the fact that we are, and not what we can do?*

indebted to, researches and explains the history of how capitalist industrialization increasingly demanded a type of labor that disabled bodies are unfit for. This grew to result in the institutional incarceration of those bodies in many countries, including segregation in asylums, isolated group care facilities, work camps, prisons, and special schools. It also codified and enforced the

acquaintances, friends, and ourselves — according to the perceived value of the labor we can do.

We all suffer as opportunities for life outside this norm are diminished. The world becomes less diverse and many are marginalized, oppressed, and eliminated. This is an issue that affects any person who does not serve such interests, disabled and otherwise, and

relationships with the individual quadriplegics who have become intimate friends. I would like to celebrate the closeness of our friendships, the reciprocity of our relationships, the wisdom, support, and nurturing care each has given me. I would like to celebrate the beauty of their chosen lifestyles and the particular beauty of each as an individual, to be grateful for the ways in which I receive care from each of you.

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This condition is problematized in a growth-based capitalist paradigm as one's value to the nation is quantified in purely economic terms. Government agencies and programs meant to support those who are not financially self-sufficient — physically disabled and otherwise — are commonly referred to as "entitlement programs" and are consistently under attack by those who would prioritize balancing the state budget over peoples' health needs. The attitude that sees inability to work as a character insufficiency is of course not limited to government financiers; disability advocates have worked to show that disability is a socially created and maintained category.

* * *

What are disabled persons' lives like? How does it feel to be labeled "disabled," how is one treated? How do individuals with state-designated disabilities feel about their relationships with their local communities or their relationships with the state? What is

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Today disability continues to be a boundary category that divides those whose relationship with the government is based on need from those whose relationship is defined by their ability to work. Those disabled persons who would prefer to enter the workforce are excluded from doing so by a profit-centered logic: disabled employees cost more to accommodate and produce less in their individual work. They will by definition make a business less money than able-bodied counterparts who want the job.

Though the ADA mandates that employers provide assistance when necessary and do not discriminate against the disabled, data clearly

acquaintances, friends, and ourselves — according to the perceived value of the labor we can do.

We all suffer as opportunities for life outside this norm are diminished. The world becomes less diverse and many are marginalized, oppressed, and eliminated. This is an issue that affects any person who does not serve such interests, disabled and otherwise, and more generally, it affects all earth beings.

This last insight is something I heard in a roundtable conversation with disabled activists who had created and performed in the show Sins Invalid. One said, "When will we all be honored for who we are, the fact that we are, and not what we can do?"

In extending this attitude toward nonhuman beings, she was voicing a principle for the beginnings of a maximally diverse and inclusive community. What would such a world look like? What about our relationships within it, to others, to our built environment, to technology, to health care? How would we continue to ensure that such a world would be available to all?

* * *

The state of California currently pays for

relationships with the individual quadriplegics who have become intimate friends. I would like to celebrate the closeness of our friendships, the reciprocity of our relationships, the wisdom, support, and nurturing care each has given me. I would like to celebrate the beauty of their chosen lifestyles and the particular beauty of each as an individual, to be grateful for the ways in which I receive care from each of you.

Friends, you have helped me to listen to my body for real, to strive to identify and honor my own bodily needs. You show me that grown men can be unashamed to ask directly for the help we need, and with you I experience difference in repetition and beauty in necessity. You have helped me to mostly get over a streak of cranky fundamentalist ludditeism.

You have helped me to become more mindful of my relationship to our shared physical surroundings, more sensitive to my responsibility for the changes within it. You teach me to be grateful for our interdependence and grateful for the gifts we continue to receive. Friends, we are here together and our lives are richer in caring for one another.



š! Baltic Comics Magazine #10

komikss@gmail.com Biedrība Grafiskie stāsti Robežu iela 18-4 Rīga, LV-1004 Latvia
Each volume of the Latvian š! is centered around a theme. The concept pushing #10 into the world is "sea stories," which half of the time means the beach. The beach marks our entry into the dominant geography of the ocean. The beach offers us comfort in the face of the open sea. These comics, done by Baltic artists, as well as artists from abroad, explore the fears and joys that accompany human relationships with the sea. The 146-page publication is perfect-bound and printed in full-color. Twenty-nine artists contributed to this issue. Something for everyone. (joey)

Datacide: Magazine for Noise and Politics #11

datacide@c8.com C. Fringeli c/o vision
P.O. Box 591 CH-4005 Basel, Switzerland
MRR-style publication with stories in the front (business), reviews in the back (party). Seemingly these cats are talking less about "noise" in terms of non-musical sound specifically, than as a generic term for electronic music in Europe. This issue includes pieces on raver politics, right-wing elements in martial industrial & neofolk, poetry, and reading recommendations. Layout is so plain you'll be looking around for ketchup. (joey)

Artifacts of Light

luperci@gmail.com
Carefully presented photographs of empty landscapes. Black frames border these glimpses into silent films that never were. Light

legend Joe Franke, of 80s fanzine LIFE IS-A JOKE. The author promises an answer to the riddle "Who's the one posing? The punker or the sheep?" in issue #4 so stay tuned. (joey)

Scam #9: Damaged 1011 Bedford #3 Brooklyn, NY 11205

Long-time writer Erick-Lyle spent his 2012 researching the story behind Black Flag's "Damaged." And did he put some work into it. Lyle's work included interviews with all of the bandmates about the recording that he wouldn't hear until 1988. For not having lived it the first time around, Lyle does some serious footwork to make this a worthy addition to the Black Flag Library (c). Chronicles the war on the punks by LAPD. Understand that police story. I will always have respect for the band that provided my first glimpse of an anarchist lifestyle. It was all through a fourth generation copy of *Decline of Western Civilization* playing at my local record store. Seeing that they managed to live in closets, without understanding exactly why, and avoid rent to make music was awe-inspiring and terrifying to a me at 12-years. Hopefully this zine will make its way into the hands of unknowing youth in a similar way. (joey)

**Scream Queens interview Yacob/Melting Wreck screamqueensradio.tumblr.com
berkeleyliberationradio.net**

An accompaniment to the Yacob/Melting Wreck cassette split. Got this one at a house show with what change and lint was in my pocket. This zine contains a transcript of an on-air interview with solo electronics

**Nancy: A Queer Zine #1
creepclub.co.uk/nancy**

"Hail to the Nancy! Effeminate queers are my heroes." These are the words that open Alex Creep's zine. NANCY is a day-dreaming manifesto for the effeminate queer with pop culture on the mind. References include "My So-Called Life", Marilyn Manson, Lady Gaga, Glee, Ziggy Stardust, and more. Like clip-art, Creep's cartoons create homes for themselves among the text. The images, both hand-drawn and software-illustrated, feel like escaped characters from 1930s Betty Boop shorts. For all you World Wide Web potatoes, be sure to see Alex Creep's online presence, which is a meeting place for glitched-out GIFs, music videos, and digital mixtapes. (joey)

The Core infect@himtrust.at

This colorful comic by Dieter VDO is the European answer to Johnny Ryan. Four short stories manage to incorporate aliens, body-builders, Smurfs, and monster dance parties in just sixteen pages. Full of shiny nudity and violence. Unlike Ryan, Dieter is a bit more playful and less dogmatic. Very phallic art. One representation of poop inside. The people at Himtrust seem to put in extra effort to make sure degenerate art like this is circulating in the world. (joey)

Size Queen infect@himtrust.at

Surrealist digital photo-collage on glossy paper. Why he isn't the official portrait artist of US Presidents might explain the problems the US faces on a whole new level. These portraits devalue the subject matter, highlighting the absurdity of power. Yes, that is Lincoln as a unicorn. Theodore Roosevelt has two space-surfing dinosaurs flying out of his skull. Richard Nixon is high on lawn gnomes. Thank Lachlann Rattray for SIZE QUEEN. (joey)

Shit Your Pants and Do the Death Dance #3 and #4 \$2 or trade

NickKiniris@comcast.net

SYPADTDD (!) is made by a bay area teen who goes to a lot of shows, listens to a lot of new albums, and then records it all in his zine. What I like about the authors record reviews is that he sometimes reviews each song on the album and when referring to an album he doesn't like, he says stuff like "it's not really my cup of shit." The band interviews are funny and entertaining and with each issue getting progressively better, issues 3 and 4 go hand-in-hand, showing that the author has found his niche and even have him showing more of himself through the writings that were not found in issues 1 and 2. Highlights in issue 3 are the cool flyers for upcoming shows and ads for his OWN zine. And, in issue 4, the readers are finally clued in as to what the death dance really is. There's no way you could flip through the pages of this zine and get bored when both the writing and eye-catching cut and paste style on every page is frantic, fun, and drenched with humor and attitude. I look forward to many more issues and catching up on all the latest bands and shows through the author's (enthusiastic) point of view. (vanessa x)

Jealouzine: Hellousy is Real #2 \$2

jealouzine@gmail.com, jealouzine.tumblr.com
The stories in this Jealouzine are all very personal and very real. Each contributor has written (or drawn) their own experience with jealousy, a topic that's not so easy to talk about. The stories range from very serious self-help style essays to fun and amusing comics about queer jealousy, where the author creates a new name for her jealousy as "chillarity." My two critiques would be that



means the dominant geography of the ocean. The beach offers us comfort in the face of the open sea. These comics, done by Baltic artists, as well as artists from abroad, explore the fears and joys that accompany human relationships with the sea. The 146-page publication is perfect-bound and printed in full-color. Twenty-nine artists contributed to this issue. Something for everyone. (joey)

Datacide: Magazine for Noise and Politics #11

datacide@c8.com C. Fringeli c/o vision
P.O. Box 591 CH-4005 Basel, Switzerland
MRR-style publication with stories in the front (business), reviews in the back (party). Seemingly these cats are talking less about "noise" in terms of non-musical sound specifically, than as a generic term for electronic music in Europe. This issue includes pieces on raver politics, right-wing elements in martial industrial & neofolk, poetry, and reading recommendations. Layout is so plain you'll be looking around for ketchup. (joey)

Artifacts of Light

luperci@gmail.com

Carefully presented photographs of empty landscapes. Black frames border these glimpses into silent films that never were. Light finds its way to the viewer twice removed: once through the photographs, and a second time through photocopy (this is a conservative estimate... if one considers the number of times an image can be copied for a zine, it could be much more). The graveness of the photos seems to hint at the world-weariness mentioned by the author, an Albuquerque-to-Oakland transplant, at the end of this collection. Recommended punk-house coffee table zine. (joey)

North American Yob

P.O. Box 4912 Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

The mind behind Southern Californian zine BACON IN THE BEANS is back with a new one. The font gets just as small as previous issues, so bring out your magnifying glasses and enjoy. Starts out with a story about sexual segregation at a Florida KFC, continues on with bad advice and all-around degeneracy with a soundtrack. This issue has a couple of comics, including a page full of puns by Slimey Valley

Long-time writer Erick Lyle spent his 2012 researching the story behind Black Flag's "Damaged." And did he put some work into it. Lyle's work included interviews with all of the bandmates about the recording that he wouldn't hear until 1988. For not having lived it the first time around, Lyle does some serious footwork to make this a worthy addition to the Black Flag Library (c). Chronicles the war on the punks by LAPD. Understand that police story. I will always have respect for the band that provided my first glimpse of an anarchist lifestyle. It was all through a fourth generation copy of *Decline of Western Civilization* playing at my local record store. Seeing that they managed to live in closets, without understanding exactly why, and avoid rent to make music was awe-inspiring and terrifying to a me at 12-years. Hopefully this zine will make its way into the hands of unknowing youth in a similar way. (joey)

Scream Queens interview Yacob/Melting Wreck screamqueensradio.tumblr.com berkeleyliberationradio.net

An accompaniment to the Yacob/Melting Wreck cassette split. Got this one at a house show with what change and lint was in my pocket. This zine contains a transcript of an on-air interview with solo electronics manipulators Yacob and Melting Wreck. Both seem to drift in and out of the Oakland scene with many hats. These cats are pretty political, which made for an exciting interview. The facilitators of the interviews are a collective of DJs who call themselves the Scream Queens, who have a radio show every Wednesday night from 10 pm to 12 am. Like the tape it is meant to supplement, this zine has a side A and B for each interview. Included are life-size reproductions of the Yacob/Melting Wreck tape's art. (joey)

The Core infect@himstrust.at

This colorful comic by Dieter VDO is the European answer to Johnny Ryan. Four short stories manage to incorporate aliens, body-builders, Smurfs, and monster dance parties in just sixteen pages. Full of shiny nudity and violence. Unlike Ryan, Dieter is a bit more playful and less dogmatic. Very phallic art. One representation of poop inside. The people at Himstrust seem to put in extra effort to make sure degenerate art like this is circulating in the world. (joey)

Size Queen infect@himstrust.at

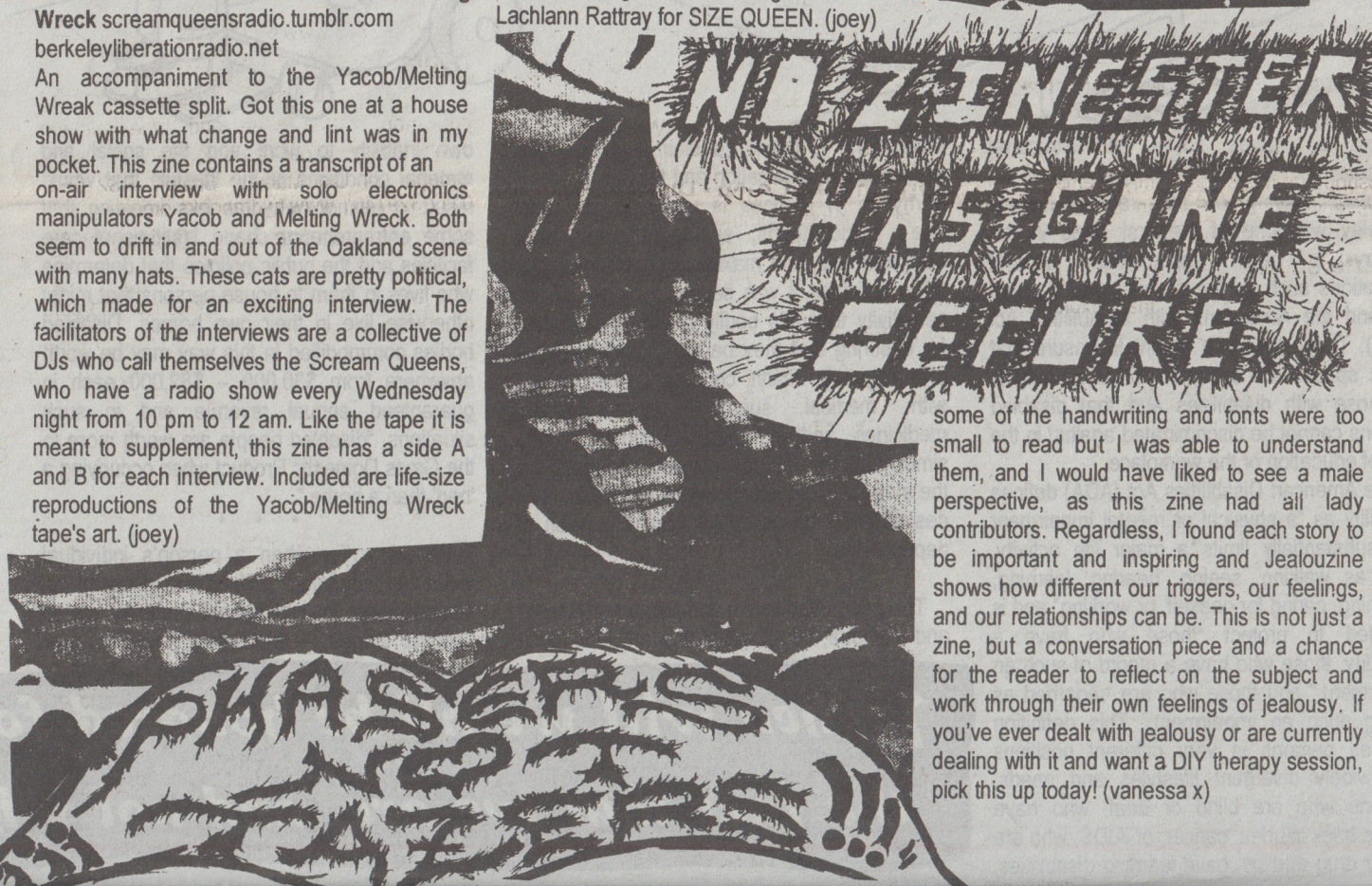
Surrealist digital photo-collage on glossy paper. Why he isn't the official portrait artist of US Presidents might explain the problems the US faces on a whole new level. These portraits devalue the subject matter, highlighting the absurdity of power. Yes, that is Lincoln as a unicorn. Theodore Roosevelt has two space-surfing dinosaurs flying out of his skull. Richard Nixon is high on lawn gnomes. Thank Lachlann Rattray for SIZE QUEEN. (joey)

readers are finally clued in as to what the death dance really is. There's no way you could flip through the pages of this zine and get bored when both the writing and eye-catching cut and paste style on every page is frantic, fun, and drenched with humor and attitude. I look forward to many more issues and catching up on all the latest bands and shows through the author's (enthusiastic) point of view. (vanessa x)

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Klingon Bird of Prey: IKS Rotarran, (B'Rel-class)

Rick Sternbach, and Ben Robinson, Haynes Publishing, November 2012

Their Enterprise manual came out in 2010, and makes the wait for the next Abrams film even more excruciating. *The Klingon Dictionary* came out in 1985, I was twelve and did not get a copy until I was 26. That was a painful wait for me personally. Luckily there was also *Star Trek: The Next Generation Technical Manual* (Rick Sternbach & Michael Okuda, Pocket Books, 1991), which you should read if you intend to serve aboard *The Enterprise*. Rather than glorify Haynes for doing a smash job I will share a quote the *Star Trek* website:

"We Klingons are a proud and honorable race and it was an affront to our people that Haynes had not produced a manual for our warship. Following a meeting of the High Council we have decided to spare your lives for now."

—Klingon High Chancellor Martok

That obviously was too long a wait.
(darin)



Compiled by Jesse D. Palmer

Here are some new radical spaces that we've heard about since we published the 2013 *Slingshot Organizer* plus some corrections to the organizer. Each in their own way and with their own style is an experiment. These are spaces for building physical expressions of a world where human beings, love, creativity, solidarity and the environment *matter*. These counter-institutions allow us to practice cooperating with others to create community — not just the carbon-copy retail wallpaper always blindly scraping for another buck.

Building something we control that operates outside capitalist limitations can be tough and many of these projects are small and struggling. They need your support. These experiments are crucial because they go beyond just *talking* about a new world or *hoping* for a new world. We demand meaningful and pleasurable lives now, not someday in the future. As the radical cafe in Istanbul, Turkey listed below puts it: "We are growing the new world in our hearts, here and now, through sharing and solidarity."

Check the radical contact list on *Slingshot's* website for the most updated list of radical contacts around the globe, and please let us know if you know of spaces not on the list or see errors we should fix: slingshot.tao.ca.

Glenwood Coffee & Books - Greensboro, NC

A worker co-op that hosts events and organizing efforts. They feature zines and locally published hand-bound books. 1310 Glenwood Avenue Greensboro NC, 27403 336-525-1646 glenwoodcoffeeandbooks.com

Nowe Miastor - New Orleans, LA

A collectively run community space with an art/performance space, a library and meeting space in a converted warehouse that hosts events. Above the space is an affordable housing coop. 223 Jane Place, New Orleans, LA 70119 (Mail: PO Box 53011, NOLA 70153) (504) 451-3693 nowemiastornola.org

Black Coffee Co-op - Seattle, WA

A worker's co-op cafe with a library and

Bread Uprising Bakery - Durham, NC

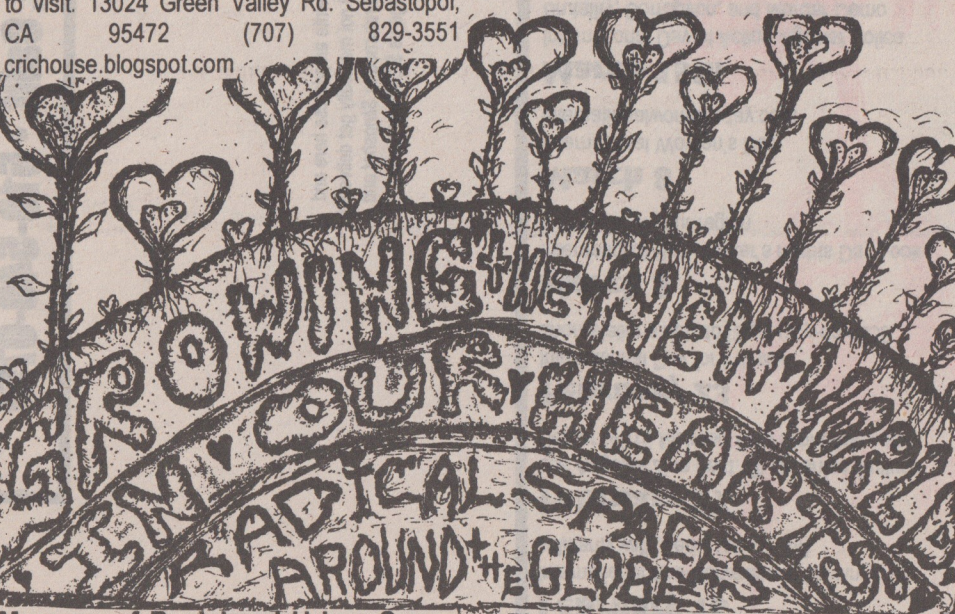
A bakery co-op that features sliding scale pricing for organic and vegan items. 816 Yancey Street Durham, NC 27701 breaduprising.wordpress.com

Stone Soup Community Center - Worcester, MA

A center that houses artists, activists, non-profits, co-ops and grassroots organizations. They are re-opening after a fire. 4 King St. Worcester MA 01610

CRIC House 'n' Homestead - Sebastopol, CA

A rural permaculture project. CRIC stands for Cultural Rehabilitation Internship Center. No drop-ins please — contact them first if you want to visit. 13024 Green Valley Rd. Sebastopol, CA 95472 (707) 829-3551 crichouse.blogspot.com



Museum of Reclaimed Urban Space (MoRUS) - New York, NY

A museum of squatted buildings and community gardens located in what used to be C Squat. 155 Avenue C New York, NY 10009 (973) 818-8495 www.morusnyc.org

Willamantic Food Coop - Willamantic, CT

A food co-op. 91 Valley St. Willimantic, CT 06226 (860) 456-3611 willamanticfoodcoop.org

Living Energy Farm - Louisa, VA

An experimental farm project that aims to be self-sufficient without using any fossil fuels. Residents also practice income sharing. 1022 Bibbs Store Rd., Louisa VA 23093 www.livingenergyfarm.org

Tahoe Cooperative Community Center - South Lake Tahoe, CA

A 900 sq. ft space that shares with the Tahoe Wellness Center and holds events, dance & art classes, yoga, tarot readings, meditation with plans for a Free School. 3445 Lake Tahoe Blvd. S. Lake Tahoe 96150 (530) 544-8000

Acorn Community - Mineral, VA

An income-sharing sustainable egalitarian community. 12159 Indian Creek Rd. Mineral, VA 23117 (540) 894-0595 acorncommunity.org



Pizza Carrello - Gillette, Wyoming

A mobile wood-fired pizza truck that acts as a gathering spot for alternative community in a very rural, isolated area. Check for each day's location: (307)363-1743 www.pizzacarrello.com

Hydra Bookshop - Bristol, UK

A cooperative operated radical community bookshop, coffee shop and meeting/event space that grew out of Bristol Radical History

Errors in the 2013 Slingshot organizer

- The Bellingham Alternative has a new address and website: 306 Flora St., Bellingham, WA 98225 altlib.org
- Harmony House in Lincoln, NE doesn't exist anymore.
- We published the address for the Hugo House in Seattle, WA — the project we meant to feature is/was the Zine Archive Publishing Project which Hugo has frustrated / attempted to take over. Go and check it out for yourself.
- We forgot to list The Birdhouse at 800 N 4th, Knoxville, Tennessee 37917. Sorry.
- Biblioteca Popular de Barrio in Chicago, IL has shut down.
- We got mail returned from the Front Stoop in Lincoln, NE. Not sure if they're gone or?
- The Sporeprint Infoshop has moved. Their new address is 979 E. 5th Ave., Columbus, OH 43201. www.sporeprint.info They are now located at a building owned by the Third Hand Bike Coop. www.thirdhand.org
- We got mail returned from Sister's Camelot — it seems like their new address may be 2647 37th Ave. S. Minneapolis, MN 55406.
- Blast-o-Mat in Denver, CO morphed into two new venues, neither of which is called "Blast-O-Mat". The original location at 2935 W. 7th Ave. is now called the Seventh Circle Music Collective. There is also a new venue called Aqualung's Community Music Space at 4315 Delaware St.
- Hammer Time! in Fort Collins, CO has closed the 1000 E. Laurel St. location and moved their infoshop to GNU Gallery at 109 Linden St. and is changing names but we don't have new contact info yet.
- Rag and Bones Bike co-op moved to a larger location: 3110 W. Leigh St. Richmond VA 23230. (804) 386-5692 ragandbonesva.wordpress.com
- SPATT in Gothenburg, Sweden no longer exists.



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Black Coffee Co-op - Seattle, WA

A worker's co-op café with a library and infoshop that hosts community events. Open 7 days a week. 501 E. Pine St. Seattle, WA 98122

Interference Archive - Brooklyn, NY

An archive and gallery that explores the relationship between cultural production and social movements with objects that are created by social movements: posters, publications, t-shirts, buttons, photographs, audio and video. They have a study center and host talks, screenings and workshops. Open Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday. 131 8th St. #4, Brooklyn, NY 11215 interferencearchive.org



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Durham Bike Co-op - Durham, NC

An all-volunteer community bike shop with tools where you can learn to fix bikes. 715 Washington St. Durham, NC 27701 (919) 675-2453 durhambikecoop.org

The Bikery - Seattle, WA

An all-volunteer community bike project with tools and resources help people fix their own bikes. 1265 South Main St. Seattle, WA 98144 (206) 568-3535

Plan B Bikes - New Orleans, LA

A do-it-yourself bike shop with tools and parts. 1024 Elysian Fields New Orleans, LA 70116 (504) 272-PBNO (7266) bikeproject.org

Pizza Carrello - Gillette, Wyoming

A mobile wood-fired pizza truck that acts as a gathering spot for alternative community in a very rural, isolated area. Check for each day's location:

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Hydra Bookshop - Bristol, UK

A cooperative operated radical community bookshop, coffee shop and meeting/event space that grew out of Bristol Radical History Group. 34 Old Market, Bristol, BS2 0EZ 0117 3297401 www.hydrabooks.org

Bokkafé Vulgo - Gothenburg, Sweden

A queer, vegan, anarchist bookshop and cafe that hosts meetings and events. Nordhemsgatan 49, Gothenburg. +46(0)31-364 64 54

26A Collective - Istanbul, Turkey

An anarchist collective that operates a cafe and a bookstore at two locations and hosts meetings, events. Their website is translated into Farsi, Russian, Greek, Georgian, French, German, Spanish, Polish, Portuguese and contains an inspiring manifesto. Tel Sokak No: 26 / A Beyoglu / Istanbul (0212) 243 60 85, www.kolektif26a.org

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By Slingshot collective

Thanks to you if you bought a 2013 Slingshot organizer - selling them funds this paper and other radical projects! We still have a few copies available if you want to buy one or make a wholesale order. This year the binder made about 1,000 slightly defective pocket sized ones, so if you have ideas of ways to give free surplus copies to low-income

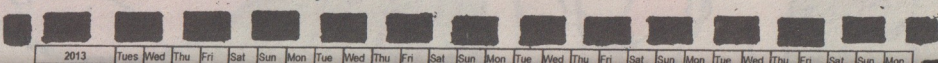
paste into your organizer to fix the problem. This is also on our website so tell a friend.

Believe it or not we do have a big group of proofreaders each year, but sometimes errors creep through, even though when the proofreaders finished this year, they left so many sticky notes on the layout sheets that it

We will continue making paper versions of the organizer, too, until someone pries the scissors and pens from our cold, dead hands.

Let us know if you want to help create the 2014 organizer. We'll work on editing the radical historical dates in May and June, do the artwork for the calendar in July, and put the

whole thing together over two hectic weekends August 3 & 4 and 10 & 11. If you want to design a section of the calendar or send us historical dates, let us know by June 22. Send us information for the radical contact list, cover art or features for the back by August 3.



A black and white illustration. At the top, a large, hairy, ape-like creature with a long tail stands on a rocky outcrop, looking down. Below it, a small, spotted, frog-like creature is on the ground. At the bottom, a body of water is depicted with the word 'AKE' written in large, stylized letters. The letters are formed by dark, branching shapes that look like roots or seaweed.

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www.thelonghaul.org

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February 14 - 18

Earth First! Winter Rendezvous Athens, OH
appalachiaresist.wordpress.com

February 16

International Anti-Surveillance Day in solidarity with Berlin (see p. 14)

February 17

Los Angeles Zine Fest, @ Ukranian Cultural Center (4315 Melrose Ave) lazinefest.com

February 23

International Day for Privacy
anonrelations.net/udp13-privacy-day-655

March 3

International Sex Worker's Rights Day Look for events in your region

March 8

International Women's Day
internationalwomensday.com

March 15th

International Day of Action Against Police Brutality, Corruption, and Murder Demo Birmingham, UK
facebook.com/birminghamstrong4justice

March 16 - 17

Bay Area Anarchist Book Fair XVIII: The Armory Community Center @ 14th & Mission, San Francisco, CA
bayareaanarchistbookfair.wordpress.com

March 17

Berkeley Anarchists Students of Theory and Research & Development (BASTARD) conference - East Bay sbay-anarchists.org

March 24 • 4 pm

Slingshot new volunteer meeting / article brainstorm 3124 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley

April 6 • 2 pm

Meeting to discuss how *Slingshot* relates to digital technology - techies welcome 3:24 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley, CA

April 15

Steal Something From Work Day
stealfromwork.crimethink.com

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Zagreb Anarchist Book Fair Zagreb, Croatia.
ask-zagreb.org

April 20 3 pm

Article deadline for *Slingshot* #113 - send articles to slingshot@iao.ca

April 21 - 22

Look up! The Lyrids Meteor Shower peaks during this period

April 25

Denim Day, day to protest rape culture internationally denimday.nla.com

May 1

May Day & International Worker's Day Ask an anarchist or an immigrant organizer about events in your area

May 13

Three Days of Struggle (Noise Festival) in Vittorio Veneto, Italy. codalunga.org

May 24 - 26

Balkans Anarchist Book Fair in Ljubljana, Slovenia a-federaccia.org

May 25 - 26

Montreal Anarchist Book Fair and Festival of Anarchy anarchistbookfair.ca

June 8 - 9

The 37th Annual San Francisco Free Folk Festival @ Presidio Middle School

August 10 - 14

Joint conference of the Mycological Society of America and the American Phytopathological Society in Austin, TX msaonline.org

Ongoing Events

The San Francisco Critical Mass meets on the last Friday of every month at 6 pm in Justin Herman Plaza

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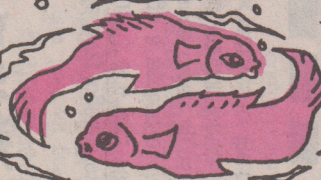
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Spring 2013



SPR 13